

THE LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning
Vol. CCXXXVIII. }

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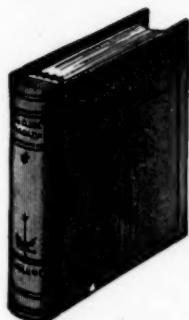
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SEVENTH SERIES
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FROM BEGINNING
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SERVIA AND THE RIVAL DYNASTIES.

For the few who follow the crooked course of Balkan politics it was no secret that young King Alexander, the last of the Obrenovitches, stood a more slender chance of ending his unhappy days as ruler of Servia than any of his predecessors on that shaky throne. And even the newspaper reader may have heard that the life of no modern Servian prince or king has yet run smooth, none having kept his precarious seat without drifting into exile or suffering a violent death. Thus, Black George (Kara Georg), the founder of the first dynasty, was brutally murdered. Michael Obrenovitch was hewn to pieces in the Toptshider Park, near Belgrade; Milan IV. died in banishment, hated, feared, forsaken, and even Milosch, who closed his eyes more or less peacefully in the Konak of the capital, had merited his exceptional boon by undergoing twenty years of exile. The very utmost one could hope therefore for Alexander, given the conditions under which he had obtained the reins of government, was that Fate might not deal with him more cruelly than with his father, and that his punishment might consist in gnawing remorse; the harrowing knowledge that his rival was utilizing the opportunities which he had wantonly wasted. Over the Servian

throne there seems to hang a heavy Damocles sword, which is certain one day to fall on the head of the occupant, and the only doubt felt in Alexander's case was whether it would merely hurt or kill him.

And yet it would be a mistake to attribute the recent catastrophe to mere fatality or to affirm that the ill-starred king was the victim of circumstances. Fate, if one may use the term, chose the man himself to work out its decrees and he did so with his eyes wide open. No network of outward circumstance wove its meshes around him, out of which escape was impossible. He courted his destiny with fatuity, provoked it with perseverance. For latter-day Servia is inhabited by a people of course, hard-headed swineherds and farmers who, though passionately fond of license which they take for freedom, are, like most Oriental races, easily led by the right ruler. But Alexander, far from being equipped by nature or education as a ruler of men, was, like his father, utterly devoid of self-mastery, the first condition of all good leadership. His government was the embodiment of contraries, the practical outcome of political paradoxes: to-day he would proclaim a veritable Saturnalia, to-morrow a regime of absolute despot-

ism, one month a batch of Cabinet Ministers would be cooped up in dungeons or tried for their lives, and another month would see the criminals whose execution had just been declared to be a State necessity raised to the highest offices in the realm. His political maxims, if one may give this name to uncontrollable impulses, remind one of the simple notions of the Hibernian farmer who fed his pigs to excess one day and kept them wholly without food the next: "in order that the fat and the lean of the bacon might be properly mixed." Alexander thus used up every party in the State; he mortally offended the people's representatives, leaning on the support of the army, and finally humiliated the army at a moment when he had no support at all. He scorned all advice, ignored warnings, misinterpreted unmistakable tokens of the coming storm. And at last educated officers, men who had sworn to offer up their lives to preserve his, organized the blood bath of the 11th June, defiling the annals of their country with an indelible stain and involving in a common but unmerited obloquy the mass of the Servian people.

Ever since the halcyon days of the South Slavonic Hercules—Stephen Dushan—the waves of European culture have left the Servian people untouched. Of the five millions who still speak the soft musical language of Marko Kraljevitich hardly more than two live in the little kingdom, and even these two millions are not the men their fathers were. They have indeed beaten their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and have ceased to cultivate the art of war. This change might doubtless be a blessing if they had also ceased to covet the spoils of war. But this they have not done. They still dream of a great Servia which will make the glories of the an-

cient kingdom live again, when Servia, Croatia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina and Macedonia will be united under one sceptre and governed from Belgrade. That is the national idea. Socially the common people are neither better nor worse than other Eastern races. They still retain many of their ancient habits and customs, and observe the old and pretty superstitions which throw a haze of poetry over the sordid prose of everyday life. The village brook is still the gathering place of all the village maidens, who discuss the gossip of the neighborhood until their mothers are hoarse calling them home. And of a summer's evening, when the day's work is over, they sally forth in groups arrayed in costumes of many hues, singing melancholy songs about heartbroken lovers or daring heroes. And from the national "gusle" the Serbs of to-day can strike soothing harmonies and revive the faded glories of the half-forgotten past.

But life nowadays is made of sterner stuff than poetic listlessness, and the Southern Slav has not yet adjusted himself to modern conditions. The average Serb is either a tough, sinewy farmer who would fain scratch the earth lightly with a wooden instrument and have it laugh back in yellow harvests, or else a rough cattle breeder or swineherd who takes life easy and loves his tobacco, and vegetables. He watches dreamily the tuft-grass waving to the wind in spring and the dead leaves falling in autumn, while his cattle are growing and fattening, and he leaves Providence to do the rest. And the body politic resembles the body physical in this that it is virtually soulless. The State parties, which seem ready to sacrifice each other for power, would fain reap where they have never sown and build up lasting edifices without laying the foundations.

Radicalism is the political creed of

the great bulk of the Servian people. Roughly speaking the programme of that party is friendship with Russia and hostility to Austria in foreign politics, all careers thrown open to (voting) talents at home, the reduction of taxes to the verge of abolition on the one hand, and the pursuit of a spirited national policy on the other which will lead to the annexation of all Serbs of every nationality and to the restoration of Great Servia. The Liberals are more reasonable: they hold that if the State machine is to be kept going the expenses of working it must be paid in the form of taxes, which they levy accordingly. They admit cheerfully that their countrymen have good reason for not loving Austria, but they urge that they have still more cogent grounds for not quarrelling with her, seeing that their revenue depends upon her custom. The staple exports of the kingdom are pigs, sheep, horses, prunes and wheat. And the most important of these five categories are the pigs. All those animals and products find their way to various countries, but Servia's best customer is Austria, the closing of whose markets would reduce King Peter's subjects to the verge of starvation. The Liberals would therefore cultivate friendly relations with their political patroness, Russia, and also with their customer and next-door neighbor, Austria, while the Radicals are bent on provoking Austria to cut off their supplies and on maintaining a numerous army, while relieving the people of nearly the entire burden of taxation. Those parties have long been at daggers drawn with each other, and whenever the country was not torn by their disastrous quarrels, or impoverished by their follies, it was well nigh ruined by the mad impulses of its monarch. Servian history is thus a record of rebellions, murders, squabbles and violent leaps with hardly any progress.

Kara (Black) George, the founder of the dynasty called by his name, led his countrymen against the Janissaries in 1804 and achieved Servia's independence in 1807, but would have lost all he had won had he not been supported by Milosch Obrenovitch, the peasant founder of the rival dynasty whose brief annals have just closed for all time. Black George returned to his country only to lose his life by assassination. Milosch Obrenovitch, who succeeded him, became hereditary prince of Servia, relied upon the support of the army, trampled his subjects under foot, and provoked a rebellion. He saved his life only by solemnly swearing fidelity to a constitution which he violated systematically after he had sanctioned it, whereupon he was forced to abdicate in favor of his son Milan, who, after a reign of some weeks, was succeeded by his brother Michael under a regency. The regents, however, were no better than mere monarchs, and their methods of riding roughshod over the common people were so primitive that the common people swept them and their young ward off the scene and raised Black George's son Alexander to the throne of the principality.

But they gained little by the change, which was a case of "out of the frying-pan into the fire." The new prince cultivated Austria's friendship, sought Turkey's help, and forfeited the love of his people in consequence. The loss of his throne and banishment from Servia were, however, deemed a sufficient punishment for his offences. Old Milosch Obrenovitch, then eighty years of age, was thereupon recalled, in the hope that he would do better than in his younger days. But he had not much time left now to do his country either harm or good. Still, he enjoyed at least the satisfaction of knowing that his son Michael would succeed him. This prince, Michael III., com-

pleted in 1867 the independence of Servia, for, strange though it may sound, the Turkish flag was still floating from the Belgrade fortress when the present generation of educated Serbs were going to school. To sweep away the last vestige of Turkish misrule was undoubtedly a service to his country, but in the following year the prince who had rendered it was hacked to death by conspirators egged on by the Karageorgevitchs. Murder is an ancient and primitive method of turning out a government. Most countries change their customs with the times, but Servia is very conservative in all such matters, even when Christianity and humanity counsel a wholesome change. Still, to the honor of the people, it should be remembered that in this case they refused to put a premium on assassination, and instead of Karageorgevitch, who expected to be called to the throne, the Skuptshina elected the last scion of the house of Obrenovitch, Milan IV., to the dignity of Prince. Indeed, the reaction against the Karageorgevitchs was so violent that Peter, who is now Servia's king, wrote a letter from Bosnia some years later offering his services to Milan and offering a wish to let bygones be forgotten and friendship take the place of enmity. It was a cry of despair, and had Milan listened to it he might have changed a troublesome pretender into a loyal subject. But clever though he undoubtedly was, Milan was, figuratively speaking, color blind in some respects, and he fondly imagined, among other delusions, that the interests of his house were indissolubly interwoven with those of his country and for all time—a disastrous error which he engrafted on his son. Peter's letter he therefore left unanswered. And although he never fully realized the extent to which he had thereby damaged the future of his house, he lived long enough to regret bitterly his mis-

take, and even to desire the patriotic help of Peter Karageorgevitch against his own son, Alexander.

Meanwhile undisguised hostility prevailed between the two dynasties, and mine and countermine gradually and imperceptibly endangered the throne of the Obrenovitchs. The story of the intrigues, conspiracies, abortive risings, murders, imprisonments and tortures which characterized the underhand struggle that went on during those long years would, if names and dates were suppressed, be taken for a fragment of a Chronicle of the Middle Ages. Poisoning, strangling, drowning in subterranean wells, deaths by starvation and various methods of torture are all well represented. The generation of Macchiavelli and Alexander Borgia might have used those means more deftly, but they would not have sought for any more efficacious. Violence, however, advanced the cause of neither; diplomacy was equally ineffective, even errors of judgment damaged but little the prospects of him who committed them: it was the lack of moral fibre in the last representative of the Obrenovitchs which finally turned the scale. Thus Karageorgevitch's friends, few and scattered at the time, fancied that he had done a very clever stroke of policy when he repaired to Montenegro and married a daughter of the reigning Prince, afterwards Russia's "only friend." He had increased his chances, they said, and gained two powerful allies. In truth he had but taken an estimable young lady to wife and left his prospects just as they had been.

The Servian people, who, after all, were the umpires of the game, neither showed nor felt the faintest sympathy for the Karageorgevitchs, and all Peter's endeavors to awaken it were bootless. Thus when he raised the standard of rebellion in Milanovitch

(1878), it waved over cornfields and pastures, but failed to draw peasants and swineherds, and the baffled Pretender hurried back to Austria, hoping to gain through the folly of his enemy what his own courage and ingenuity had not availed to secure him. But he had long to wait. Six years later a genuine rising took place, this time in the Timok Valley, where 15,000 peasants, led by Russophile Radicals, tried to get rid of Milan and proclaim a Republic. The partisans of Kara-georgitch afterwards declared that loyalty to him was the ruling motive of the insurgents. However this may be, the revolt came to nothing, and the exile was forced to wait until the ground should be prepared by his rival. Milan's tactical blunders were few; but they were all the more baneful that their source was the heart, not the head. Nature had bestowed her gifts upon him ungrudgingly: insight, judgment, suasion and an eagle-like sharpness to see through make-believe and to discern human motives when, like his own, they were born of selfishness and lack of moral purpose, constituted the chief characteristics which won for him a name for cleverness. But incapable of conceiving, he was equally unable to appreciate noble ideas which have their source in the heart. Too young to govern when his predecessor died, he had been placed under the care of a regency which for selfish ends strove to please instead of educating him. He was allowed—not to say positively tempted and urged—to indulge in sensuous pleasures, in the quest or refinement of which he employed and sharpened his intellectual gifts. Selfishness, sensuousness, crookedness were the traits which distinguished the young Prince Milan, and their fruits seemed to invoke the cruel fate which hung like a cloud over the House of Obrenovitch. Into this self-centred life, gov-

erned by sordid motives and regulated by cold calculation, his marriage brought the first and last element of romance. For Milan loved Natalie—or fancied he did—and was, as they both believed for a time, loved by her in return.

Whether the best possible woman could have breathed a soul into such a man is questionable. Certainly an angel could not change his character. Still a selfless wife might have modified his actions by making him sensible to nobler motives. But Natalie Keshko, then a beautiful girl of sixteen, had cultivated self-abnegation and altruism as little as her husband, and time revealed the fact that ambition was the spice which lent zest to her existence. Five years after the marriage ceremony the first drops of wormwood tintured the happiness of the princely couple. But the storm-cloud which then threatened to break was dispelled by the success of Milan's genial plan to raise Servia to the rank of a kingdom. Queenship was a rôle which delighted Natalie, and she forgave much to the husband through whom she was enabled to assume it—until the golden edge wore off. In 1885 the aspiring lady began to tire of a crown which gleamed with borrowed lustre, and she conceived a strong desire to wield the sceptre from a throne which she need share with no partner. The temptation came from without, and the lady made no effort to withstand it. Orientalists are fatalists for whom temptation is sin. Milan had made war on Bulgaria, and the result resembled on a small scale the upshot of Napoleon's declaration of war against Prussia in 1870, or, rather, it would have resembled this, had not Austria interfered and delivered her *protégé* from the meshes of the net which he had woven for his neighbor. Sick at heart, humbled to the dust, on the brink of despair, the King har-

bored the intention of abdicating at once, and he probably would have carried it out, had not his own wife set her heart on his disappearance from the public scene. Her motive was ambition. Her husband's retirement into private life would, she believed, raise her to the rank of Queen-Regent during the nonage of their only son, thus lifting her to the summit of attainable human greatness. A plan was thought out for influencing Milan before he should recover from the effects of the blow he had received, the iron was to be struck while it was yet glowing, and Queen Natalie gave the signal to strike it. A document announcing the fact that he was resigning his crown in favor of his son, and setting forth his motives for this step, was sent to Milan for his signature. That step was taken with his wife's knowledge and assent.

No greater tactical blunder than this could have been committed. A more practical psychologist than Natalie would have half-heartedly consoled the King and bade him hope that in ten or fifteen years Servia's defeat would be repaired or forgotten, and added that as she was his wife for worse as well as for better she would die rather than fail to stand by him now that his whole people had turned against him. But the lady was impulsive. And the sight of the act of abdication ready for signature touched a chord in Milan's nature more sensitive still than that which the national disaster had sounded. His anger was roused. He would deny his shameless enemies the triumph for which they were intriguing. He would teach his ambitious wife to feel that he was the sole source of her rank, influence, title. He therefore hurriedly quitted the camp where he then was and rushed off to Belgrade. There further details reached his ears and harrowed his soul. The intrigue was well

planned but clumsily carried out. The accredited representatives of a Great Power were said to have had a hand in the plot. Diplomatic negotiations had been very secretly carried on respecting the attitude of the States most nearly interested in Servia. One Great Power would bestow its blessing on the undertaking, but another was resolved to protest. All these details lashed Milan's passion to fury. But the sharpest pang of all was that which was inflicted by the knowledge that his own wife was the centre round which all those hostile forces moved; and that she had consented to violate the Constitution of Servia, which forbade her as a woman to assume the office of Regent, as well as to forget her duty to her husband. Milan gave vent to his indignation in wild elemental forms, and tore the loathed paper into shreds. That was the Queen's share of responsibility for the unseemly family quarrel through which she ultimately lost her husband and Milan forfeited his crown.

Four years later Milan Obrenovitch caused a flutter of excitement throughout Europe by giving Servia a most liberal Constitution, helping his bitterest enemies, the Radicals, to power, and laying down the crown in favor of his son. Self-sacrifice was the name which many gave to the King's sudden resolve, while others held that it was merely a cunning man's way of stooping to conquer. The war with Bulgaria, his friendship for Austria, and his treatment of Natalie had rendered him intensely unpopular. In what form the people's indignation would break out no man could foretell; but Milan could make a shrewd guess, and not relishing the perspective he made a merit of necessity, and at least made sure that the crown would remain in the family. Moreover, he was still quite a young man, and he expected, nay believed, that he would be sent

for again and requested to take the reins in his experienced hands anew; nor did he make a secret of this conviction. Foreign diplomatists in Belgrade held the same opinion, and many unbiassed outsiders regarded this forecast as probable. But Milan's calculation was belied by events: the clever diplomatist had overreached himself, he never ascended the throne any more.

His son and successor, Alexander, was meanwhile being educated by that worst of royalty's pedagogues, a Regency. One fairly good tutor he undoubtedly had, Dr. Dokitch, who helped him later on to wrest the power from the hands of the Regents, and who thereupon received the post of Prime Minister. Dokitch took a strong liking for his pupil, and let his feelings shape his opinions. He spoke of Alexander as an uncommonly clever and well-read prince. He exaggerated. The last Obrenovitch, with whom I had more than one opportunity of conversing later on, was an intelligent, fairly well instructed lad utterly devoid of education. Besides a sound knowledge of French, and a serviceable acquaintance with Russian and German, Alexander had little to show for his school years. At one time indeed he had a taste for history which relaxed into a love for memoirs and finally degenerated into a passion for French novels. His library, which I looked over a couple of days after his death, contains some thousand works told in various European tongues: French, Servian, German, Russian; but the bulk of them are French. His ill-starred wife shared his literary tastes, and in order to indulge them more easily she subscribed to a lending library in Belgrade, changing the books very quickly. A paper was found on her writing table the morning following her death, on which she had written down the name of the work which she want-

ed to borrow next: It was the story of the favorites of Louis XIV. In the bedroom of the royal couple on the Queen's table lay a number of books which I examined. Most of them were French novels, among others, "*Le Mariage de Gertrude*," "*Une Trahison*," "*La Duchesse*, par Arsène Houssale."

And not only was the instruction imparted to young Alexander fitful and fragmentary, but the teachers—often needlessly changed—to whom it was confided did much, wittingly and unwittingly, to sterilize the soil on which alone self-discipline and morality can thrive. Respect for his elders, distrust of his own natural impulses and even filial affection which is the most universal and permanent of natural instincts, were slowly but surely choked out. Before the boy was twelve years old he was the unwilling witness of the bitter and demoralizing quarrels which blighted the home life of his parents who, despite the warm affection they cherished towards him, appointed him judge of their respective causes. At the age of twelve he was torn from his mother's arms in Wiesbaden by his father's orders, which were carried out by the German police. At the age of thirteen he became an involuntary actor in one of the most harrowing scenes of his unhappy life. On the 6th of March, 1889, King Milan summoned the Ministers, Officers, and State Dignitaries to meet himself and his son, and without previous hint or warning read to them the deed by which he laid down the crown in favor of Alexander, who was forthwith proclaimed King. Thereupon he fell upon his knees before the frightened little boy, and in presence of the Metropolitan Archbishop swore allegiance to him. Twelve days later the ex-King left the country, and Alexander found himself alone in the power of strange men who always appeared before him

with serious countenances, and never displayed the slightest sympathy for his sufferings or care for his intellectual and ethical needs.

The next four years were a period of training in the art of State intrigues. One of the young King's teachers was M. Hitrovo, the Russian diplomatic representative, a man of charming manners, a most captivating talker, a cynical paradoxist and a consummate intriguer. Another was Dr. Dokitch, who inspired the boy with a feeling of intense dislike for the three Regents, and helped him to plan the first of the series of *coups d'état* which characterized Alexander's reign. The secrecy and circumspection with which this dangerous plot was conceived, and the swiftness and determination with which it was carried out, bore witness to the remarkable progress which the lad, then only seventeen, had made in the school of Milan, Hitrovo and Dokitch. Having invited the Regents to supper, persuaded them to come, and welcomed them with gracious smiles and honeyed words, he suddenly declared them all his prisoners, dismissed them from their posts, announced a new Cabinet, and proclaimed himself King in reality as well as in name. A strong will and steady nerve were needed to carry out this dubious and dangerous enterprise, and Alexander possessed both in a superlative degree. Other qualities less desirable from an ethical point of view were equally essential to success, and the seeds of these sown by his pedagogues had thriven and borne fruit. It is but just to assume that the young King was animated by the best of motives or at least fancied that he was, for his mentor, Dr. Dokitch, assured him that this revolution from the throne was an act of patriotic duty. From that memorable night down to the hour of his death Alexander may be said to have cultivated this

duty with assiduity to his own destruction.

During the first period of his reign the *coups d'état* were inspired by political motives, during the latter by conjugal affection: in both cases the young King regarded his ministers, officers, and advisers as mere pawns to be moved whithersoever he wished. And they wandered from the palace to the prison, exchanged their portfolios for iron shackles, and were often in danger of death by strangling or drowning, and were sometimes tried for their lives. Torture was occasionally employed against political prisoners, some of whom died mysteriously in the Servian Bastille—the Fortress of Belgrade—or the horrible prison of Posharnvats. I was well acquainted with one of the best known demagogues of Servia, the peasant-orator, Ranko Talsitch, who belonged to the extreme left of the Radical Party. He was often invited to the royal palace, treated with the utmost consideration, and assured of the friendship of his royal master. Then he was suddenly arrested one day on a charge of high treason—such sudden changes are frequent in Servia—and imprisoned. But he was not immured in a dungeon. He was thrust into a lavatory of a more primitive type than any untravelled Englishman can conceive of. A man could barely stand inside, his legs wide apart, owing to the wide opening which extended over three-fourths of the whole area. Sit or lie he could not. And there this wretched man was kept, not for hours, or a day, but for several weeks! When he was finally released he had become almost blind and could scarcely move his hands or arms, and the Herculean form was broken for ever. He died in exile four days after the murder of Alexander.

The young King distrusted every Party and every Minister, and hated most intensely of all the Radicals who

form three-fourths of the population of the realm. Ever after his journey to Berlin it was his aim to make his will supreme. And in this he succeeded admirably. The Ministers, therefore, might say what they liked; the King did what pleased himself, and insisted on their carrying out his decrees. His views were sometimes wrong, his action was occasionally inopportune, but it was his method more than his policy which estranged the people and irritated the Parties. But despite all his political blunders he might be still King of Servia today had he, like our English historian Gibbon, had sufficient self-mastery to hearken to the dictates of reason when they contradicted the voice of passion.

The young King made the fateful acquaintance of Draga Mashin at Biarritz, where she discharged the duties of lady-in-waiting to ex-Queen Natalie. She was then the widow of an engineer who had died somewhat mysteriously, rumor said, and being without adequate means of subsistence had appealed to Natalie for assistance, and received the office of lady-in-waiting. A lady of extremely prepossessing appearance, captivating manners, and good education, she made a deep impression on the heart of the young Prince who was at once ignorant and greedy of human sympathy and love. At first the Queen made no objections to the close friendship which suddenly sprang up between her son and the beautiful lady-in-waiting, but when Milan heard of Alexander's passion, he left nothing undone to root it out. But it was a case of the scythe striking stone: neither yielded. The young King resolved to raise his favorite to the throne irrespective of gossip, calumny, counsel and warnings. To the Council of Ministers, the President of the Skuptshina and the Metropolitan Archbishop, who besought the King to

abandon his project and wed a foreign princess, Alexander curtly replied that he would rather abdicate. On the 22nd of July, 1900, he informed his people of his betrothal to Draga Mashin, whereupon the Cabinet resigned, and Milan laid down his post as Commander-in-chief of the Forces. Of the marriage which was celebrated a fortnight later Milan remarked: "It is the suicide of the dynasty. The fall of our house is henceforward only a question of time, and of a very short space of time." From that day onward the King of Servia virtually disappeared from view, and his place was taken by an uxorious husband who dwelt in a Buen Retiro of conjugal happiness, to the perpetuation of which everything else was subservient. The royal apartments, which I visited more than once, were so many little shrines consecrated to the worship of the Queen, who on her side devoted all her thoughts, time and labor to the work of preserving the affection of her spouse.

Like the Empress of China, Draga Mashin had by dint of her own unaided efforts exchanged a precarious and, it may be, humiliating existence for a throne. Not yet satisfied with her triumph she strove to draw her kith and kin after her, and was never tired of asserting that her family was equal in social rank and in patriotic services to that of her royal husband—a boast which, despite the scornful denials it called forth, was literally true. Her dream of glory, however, included the power of conferring royalty as well as of receiving it, and in default of children she had a brother whom she would fain have proclaimed heir-apparent. The enamored young King, who would have sacrificed his crown in order to marry the lady, was still resolved to risk it in order to fulfil her overmastering desire. Young Lurevitsa was detested by the army, where he offended his superior officers by his

haughty bearing, his ostentatious contempt of discipline, and his intolerable air of superiority. He refused to salute commanders and generals, who, if they reprimanded him for the neglect, were compelled by the King to apologize.

Alexander thus drew upon himself the odium provoked by his worthless brother-in-law, and soon his friends in the army might be counted on the fingers of his hands. He made an attempt, despite this lack of support, to have young Lunevitsa proclaimed heir to the throne by the army. The result was a miserable failure and a serious warning. High officers refused to obey the King and were dismissed on the spot. Then Alexander, instead of acquiring friends among the deputies, had recourse to a new revolution from the throne, suspended the Constitution, dissolved the Chamber, ordered new elections, and obtained by terrorism a *Skuptshina*, every member of which was ready to do his will.

The day was drawing near on which the momentous Bill regulating the succession was to have been laid before the Chamber. The result was a foregone conclusion. Friends and foes united in beseeching the headstrong youth to bethink himself while there yet was time. The post brought him numerous letters every morning warning him that he was on the edge of an abyss, and that another step would cost him his life and his throne. But he was blind to signs and tokens, deaf to advice and warnings. Come what might he would give his adored wife this supreme proof of his boundless love. It was doubtless one of the brightest and most ideal resolves ever taken by the young King, perhaps, too, the worthiest of admiration. Yet by the cruel irony of fate it proved his undoing.

One of the King's murderers, an officer who gave me his name and made

his confession—I had almost said his boast—in the presence of several witnesses, told me on Wednesday, 17th June, under the window through which the dead body of Alexander was flung into the garden, that he had a friend who wrote a warning letter to the King three days before the night of blood. The following passage occurred in that anonymous letter: "You are irreparably lost. Momentous events are in preparation which will culminate in your destruction. There is still, however, one chance of escape, but only one. Proclaim young George Karageorgevitch heir to the throne and you will thereby save your life and your crown. Otherwise you are lost." This letter was duly received and utterly disregarded. The Queen, informing her court ladies of the tenor of the anonymous communications addressed to her husband, said: "They are a set of vile cowards: they threaten terrible things, but they do nothing at all." What they did on the memorable night of the 10th June will not soon be forgotten. A graphic version of one scene of the tragedy, which was given to me by one of the murderers, Adjutant N., is as follows:

"We were wild with passion, trembling with excitement, incapable of receiving any impressions from the things and people around us. Hence we cannot say who shot the King in the head, who in the heart. But I have a vivid recollection of some things. I remember turning out the electric light and going to fetch candles to light my comrades on the way. That done I remained together with them to the end. I remember our breaking into the King's bedroom, finding it empty, and then looking into the Queen's wardrobe room, where we found the pair. Who fired first? I don't know; nobody knows. At first we did not fire at all. We drew our sabres and cut off the fingers of the King and Queen; four

fingers were hewn from the King's hand. Then we fired."

Characteristic of the unfortunate King's distrust even of his most loyal servants—and he possessed a few—were the remarks he is said to have uttered when dying. "Markovitch! Markovitch! I never thought you capable of such treason!" The man of whom he thus spoke reproachfully had just died a heroic death in defence of his royal master's life.

In the course of international politics, the heinous crime committed by the army and glorified by the National Assembly will have no influence. The only effect it has as yet had, is to damage seriously the cause of the Mace-

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donian Christians. "All these Eastern Slavs, whether they happen to be Christians or Mohammedans, are a set of bloodthirsty, treacherous cut-throats, no better than the Turks, and it may be even worse. They deserve little sympathy and no help." Such is the hasty and unjust judgment which followed on the news of the awful massacre in the royal Konak of Belgrade. It is to be hoped that this verdict will not be allowed to go unchallenged. Still, it must be admitted that Christianity and humanity are at a shockingly low ebb in a country where such horrible deeds of savagery can not only be perpetuated by the few, but also be praised and glorified by the many.

E. J. Dillon.

THE NINE PENGUINS' EGGS.

I had made up her fire when I retired at ten; it was midnight now, and to touch it would have brought down the top ash and smothered the whole. A dull red glow rested upon the hearth-rug and reached the valance of her bed; everything above was in darkness. This was unfortunate, for her candle had burnt to the socket and Miss Barnwell would not release me to fetch my own.

"I'm a-dyin'!" she muttered for the hundredth time.

"*I think not, dear!*" I shouted at intervals, rather mechanically, for we had gone through the performance many times for years past and nothing definite had transpired, as the papers say. Yet I wished I could see her face. She was holding my wrists tightly, but, perhaps not so tightly as usual; her fingers were certainly cool.

This is the sort of thing that a lady-companion has to put up with. I do

not complain: we are paid for it; but I am not going to simulate an emotion which I did not feel or regret which was not honestly due.

Miss Mary Amelia Barnwell owned to eighty-nine and was believed to be ninety-one. Unlike most old people she took no pride in her age. If she had ever been personable or amiable, or even interesting, she had lost all claim to these qualities before I came to take care of her fifteen years ago. To begin with, she was hard of hearing, and deaf people, as we all know, are less observant than the blind and consequently less cheerful. Some elderly persons are confidential; she was secretive. I knew almost as little of her affairs that night as I did when, as I said before, I came to take charge of her; which is one way of putting it, for she was most independent and far from easy to influence.

Mr. Samuel's precaution was quite

uncalled for. Mr. Samuel Barnwell is the eldest great-nephew; Mr. Albert and Mr. Thomas are the others. All three are well-to-do; Mr. Samuel, they say, is rich; he claims to have declined to be knighted the year he was mayor, but that may be only his imagination. He is in business at King's Waterbeach some fifty miles from this, and the other two in New-ark and Ely. Their sister, Mrs. Grey, lives the other side of London; her husband holds a perpetual curacy, and the education of their sons is said to be something of a struggle. She sees but little of her brothers.

Well, as I was saying, Mr. Samuel, when he proposed to engage me for his great-aunt, made it plain in so many words that under no circumstances was I to nourish expectations, and wanted me to sign some paper renouncing in advance any prospective legacy. I am glad to say that I stood upon my dignity and declined to discuss the subject with him, and the thing was settled by Miss Barnwell (to whom I privately referred the question) engaging me over his head.

It was after this that she altered her will, as I always believed. He has never forgiven me. We are distantly polite, which is to say that I am, for Mr. Samuel is one of those persons who pride themselves on being what they call brusque and other people call rude. Her late Majesty might have made him a knight, but only a miracle could have made him a gentleman.

"I'm a-dyin'!" said the old lady.

The syllables came more slowly; she might only be dropping off. I regretted for the fiftieth time that the hand-bell was out of reach; not that it would have made much difference, the maids sleeping so sound.

"E-li-jah!" This was something fresh. "Yes!" (I had not spoken.) "Certainly—You may come in—"

"'Lijah! dear!" This was in a tone I had never heard her use. I had an absurd sense of intruding, but in a moment her grasp fluttered and relaxed; the change came and I was alone.

I know what is too often done at such times, and I know what should be done; and am glad to say that I did it. I knocked the maids up, lit their candle, and packed them off together for the doctor. By the time they returned every bureau, drawer, cupboard, and cabinet was locked, the plate in safety and many of the smaller ornaments. What they thought and what they said I do not know; how they looked I do know; but I had myself to consider and Mr. Samuel Barnwell to face, and couldn't be so considerate to their feelings as I should have liked to be. I should have looked well hunting the house for missing sheets and dessert-spoons the day after the funeral with the executors at my heels!

But that half-hour was an experience. Going about the empty rooms with only the poor old corpse overhead for company was ghostly work. I had her private keys for the first time and I declare it gave me the creeps to use them; something seemed at my elbow or peeping over my shoulder all the time. On the drawing-room what-not lay her knitting; upon the blotting-pad inside the front of the oak bureau was the afternoon's delivery, mostly prospectuses and appeals for charity; one from poor Mrs. Grey (her first and only one in my time), a very touching request for the loan (mind you) of a hundred pounds "for a temporary but pressing family need."

My rule has always been never to interfere, and I had kept to it, but that letter tempted me to put in a word. It did no good; the old lady was flint. "Heigh, indeed! what next? I'm surprised at Isabel," was her comment.

I wonder what she thinks of it now. The letter lay half-open, like a mouth beseeching help from the ceiling. The room overhead was *the* room. I locked the front of the bureau, and never turned a key with greater pleasure.

This was the Saturday night, or rather the Sunday morning: The post goes out at half-past seven on Sunday evening. On Monday, just as I was sitting down to my lunch, Mr. Samuel Barnwell marched in and was for taking possession of everything at a moment's notice.

"Why wasn't I told before?" says he severely, without even a good-morning; running his eye over the furniture as if he half expected that something might be missing. "I wrote—," I began, but he cut me short. "Not by the first post, Miss Fanning. If the telegraph office was closed (as to which I'm making inquiries), you could have sent a special messenger, Miss Fanning. You seem to have forgotten that I am the next of kin, Miss Fanning, and heir-at-law. I will trouble you for the keys. I—said—the *keys*!"

His voice grew louder and more imperative as he went on. He finished taking off his gloves and slapped them into his hat, which he had placed upon the table laid for me. We were both standing. This might have done with a younger woman, but I am not a chicken. I had expected something of this sort, and had completed my dispositions (as the papers were always saying during the war), had looked up the trains, and sent Martha across for Mr. Laidlaw as soon as the cab turned the corner.

Our neighbor, Mr. Laidlaw, is the lawyer who managed things for Miss Barnwell; he lives close by with an invalid sister in a great draughty old family house with the hall lined with cases of stuffed birds. He is thought much of by the county people all round. He had called on the Sunday

afternoon and expressed a wish to be in the house when the relatives arrived and I was only too pleased with the suggestion, for the late Miss Barnwell's great-nephews are,—well, peculiar.

Mr. Thomas, the youngest, is sly and selfish, with little piggy eyes. Mr. Albert is quarrelsome and selfish, with a double chin and a coarse red neck that overhangs his collar behind. Mr. Samuel is the finest man of the three, being tall and rather imposing; but he is as sly as Mr. Thomas and as overbearing as Mr. Albert, and as home-ward-bound as either. How they come to have a sister like my dear Mrs. Grey is a mystery; she has always taken my fancy, but by some ill luck the poor lady never pleased her great-aunt. Mr. Samuel stood first with her, until he put his foot into it over my coming; after that she changed her way of living, and there was no telling how the money would go.

Well, as I was saying, Mr. Samuel was for riding the high horse, and was behaving himself as no gentleman behaves, when Martha opened the door of the room and showed in Mr. Laidlaw.

The lawyer is a little clean-shaved precise sort of gentleman, about fifty-five and a bachelor, neatly dressed, very quiet and conciliatory as a rule, though he can put his foot down, too, on occasion. He bowed and shook hands with me first, which was one for Mr. Samuel; then he turned to him quite pleasantly, and said something courteous in the way of condolence. But Mr. Samuel brushed it all aside and came to the point at once. He seemed to think he was in his own house and repeated his demand for the keys, but more reasonably.

The lawyer heard him out with an air of grave concern, standing meanwhile upon the hearth-rug with his back to the fire. Nor did he put him-

self about to reply; but turned his answer in his mind and put it in the form of a question in a little dry undertone. Did he understand Mr. Barnwell to propound a will? Mr. Samuel stared. Had Mr. Barnwell a will? It appeared not. Had Mr. Barnwell seen the will? No? Did Mr. Barnwell know, as a matter of fact, that he was named executor?

Mr. Samuel cooled and began to realize some of the possibilities of the situation, and the disadvantages of being too previous; but he is all there, is Mr. Samuel, and he popped up again in a moment. Was there a will then? Ah, very gratifying, just what he had always understood; Intestate estates are a great nuisance. He had merely looked in as a matter of precaution: some responsible person must be in charge, as Mr. Laidlaw must know; and he had done what the occasion seemed to demand, and so on, feeling his way. But the lawyer's reticence daunted him, so he began again about being the heir-at-law and how pleased he should be to have Mr. Laidlaw's professional advice, and how a few words in private would doubtless be necessary, Miss Fanning would understand; the will now. Here he gave me a look which was equivalent to an order to leave the room. With my chop and the vegetables getting cold upon the table under his nose I regarded this as insulting, and held my ground; there was an awkward moment.

Then Mr. Laidlaw cleared his throat and began. He apologized for the inconvenience he was causing me and promised, with the most courteous little smile, to be brief; then, turning to Mr. Samuel, he gravely and slowly put him in his right place. I must say he let him down almost too gently. With Mr. Barnwell's permission (that was how he put it), and with Miss Fanning's kind assistance (a bow to me), he would undertake the arrange-

ments for the funeral, at which, no doubt, Mr. Barnwell would wish to be present.

"I should think so indeed," rapped out Mr. Samuel recovering himself.

"Just so," remarked the lawyer; "after which the testamentary dispositions of my late client will be disclosed to—those concerned."

What might this mean? Mr. Samuel hardly knew what to make of it, as I could see. For a couple of breaths he scrutinized the lawyer's impenetrable face but he could make nothing of that either. "Now look here, Laidlaw," he began at length, in the hectoring way which seems natural to some men, "this is all very well, and of course I needn't say I have confidence in you; but I hope there's been no hanky-panky, you know. Miss Fanning here remembers perfectly well the terms on which I engaged her, and my brothers and I are not going—"

Mr. Laidlaw raised a hand so suddenly and looked so sternly that he stopped. I bridled up, naturally, but before I could open my mouth, the lawyer, who is very ready at times for all his precise delivery, cut in, looking very straight at Mr. Samuel. "The term you have used, Mr. Barnwell, is not a legal term, nor, if you will pardon me, one used between gentlemen. If you mean undue influence, I would have you know that I drew Miss Barnwell's last will; and I think I may so far satisfy your quite natural curiosity as to assure you that your reasonable expectations will not be disappointed."

"But,—but,—"

"But you are not named executor, Mr. Barnwell."

If I had expected a day or two of quiet before the funeral I did not get them. Mr. Laidlaw worked me early and late, but in such a pleasant, appreciative manner that it was impossible to object. He is a perfect gentleman.

"Under the terms of the will, Miss Fanning," he kept saying, "there is a good deal of business which must be transacted upon the day of the funeral, business which I am determined shall go through without a hitch; and the more minute and perfect the arrangements we make now, the easier it will be for you and me on Thursday, Miss Fanning. These books, now,—you did well to keep these cases locked—am I to class them as *divisible curios*, or shall I send them up to Sotheby's?" He was speaking to himself. "Hullo!" he chirped, "*The Lamb's Defence against Lies, The Snake in the Grass, The Sandy Foundation Shaken*: are any of the family interested in seventeenth century polemics, I wonder! *Holy War*, first edition, ho! ho!"

"Mr. Thomas Barnwell should know the titles on those books by heart," said I; "he would stand with his nose to the glass, chatting to Miss Barnwell, by the half-hour together."

"That is so? Then a summary division would be most unfair to the other three who don't know the value of Elzevirs and black-letter tracts. We will catalogue these and sell them for the benefit of the estate, and, trust me, they will fetch a pretty penny. I would give one hundred and fifty pounds for that top shelf as it stands, Miss Fanning."

My respect for Mr. Laidlaw grew daily: I would never have believed that, in matters of housework, a man could be so executive. By Wednesday night there was nothing left to do. The wearing-apparel was spread upon dust-sheets in the second spare bedroom; the plate and the curios, of which the old house was full, were laid upon trestles in the library, as if for a bazaar, in numbered lots corresponding to our catalogue.

"There are some people with whom it is necessary to be very methodical, Miss Fanning; a verified, descriptive in-

ventory with the approximate value of each article noted in cipher is a useful thing to refer to in case of any little disagreement or mistake; and a very useful thing for subsequent production, Miss Fanning, if the disagreement is carried into court, let us say. But it is not a thing that one can improvise at short notice in a room full of argumentative people."

Mrs. Grey arrived over night, and I did my best to make her comfortable. Mr. Laidlaw looked in during the evening and explained to her the course of procedure he proposed to follow. He was most sympathetic, and courteously invited her to a private view of the things that would be divided. "This may not be strictly regular, Madam, but I understand you are the eldest of your family, and it may be just as well for you to have some idea of what there is to divide, that there may be as few regrets and after-thoughts as may be.

This portrait is a Romney, and is worth all the rest of the pictures put together. This posset-cup dates from the Commonwealth; it is possibly not in modern taste, but would fetch three times as much as that Georgian salver, for instance. If the will permits you to select, you will naturally bear these little points in mind while making your selection; and I venture to call your attention to them this evening because I shall not be able to do so to-morrow."

So he ambled on, pausing occasionally to make sure that she was following him, gently helping the poor woman to come to some sort of judgment, for she was almost as ignorant as a child in such matters.

After he had left I did my best to impress his points upon her memory, making her out a little list, and so on; and, said I: "Whatever you choose, Mrs. Grey, stick to; remember your husband and children, and don't let

the gentlemen persuade you out of your rights."

"You are speaking of my brothers, Miss Fanning!" she answered, with a spark of resentment that I liked her the better for. I said nothing but looked; her eyes fell and she smiled miserably. "You mustn't be hard upon them; we were left orphans in straitened circumstances, and their lives have been hard battles from the first. If they don't show much respect for their great-aunt's memory to-morrow you must just consider that there were times when she might have helped them and—didn't."

"And you," said I to myself, "how much of her help have you had, I wonder? And has not your life been a pinching time?" For she was little and stooped, and struck me as having lived poorly and sat late during her growing time; and I happened to have heard that she had kept the home together and educated Mr. Thomas herself.

"Well, good-night, my dear," she said and offered me her thin, soft cheek. At her chamber-door she turned, her candle in her hand, and said: "You've been most kind to me; I'm sure you meant well, and,—perhaps I had better keep the list. I can't tell you how I dread to-morrow, and how I despise myself for having looked forward to it for—thirty years! Think of it,—that's what it means to be poor!"

The funeral went without a hitch; trust Mr. Laidlaw and me for that. The party was of the smallest; two coaches, the doctor's brougham, and a fly for the maids. The only person who showed the slightest feeling was poor Mrs. Grey; she had a heart, as I knew. Twice since I have kept house for Miss Barnwell the old lady has had serious attacks, and both times Mrs. Grey offered to come and help me in nursing her, but her great-aunt wouldn't hear of it.

On returning from the church tea was served in the dining-room. After his second cup the doctor caught Mr. Laidlaw's eye but found no encouragement and shook hands rather pensively.

The six of us were left.

Mr. Samuel, who had been fidgeting with his seals, cleared his throat in a rather authoritative fashion and began. "I suppose," said he, gradually lengthening his neck and narrowing his eyes. "I take it," he resumed, looking across at Mr. Laidlaw and then glancing at me. The lawyer raised his eyebrows and waited. Mr. Samuel spoke again. "There will be a little business to see to, Miss Fanning, family matters, you know, quite private and not likely to interest you, we think."

Mr. Thomas held the door open for me. Knowing Mr. Laidlaw's intentions I did not rise. Mrs. Grey was holding my hand; there was no doubt as to her wishes in the matter, but none of her brothers ever thinks of considering Mrs. Grey.

"The executors naturally wish to be in privacy, Madam," said Mr. Albert, flushing and settling his double chin in his collar with a fore-finger.

"The executor," interposed Mr. Laidlaw with gentle emphasis, "desires the presence and assistance of this lady."

"The *what* d'ye say?" shouted Mr. Albert, sitting back and tucking his heels under his chair and his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest—an attitude in which a stout man looks positively repulsive. There is only one male posture less becoming; I mean when they straddle with their backs to the fire. I wish they could see themselves; one cannot conceive a woman in either position.

"The *what*, my good fellow?" says Mr. Albert again, puffing and scowling.

Mr. Laidlaw drew the will from his

pocket and flattened it out upon the table before him. "I am the late Miss Mary Amella Barnwell's sole executor," he said.

"Pre-posterous!" snorted Mr. Albert.

"I protest!" said Mr. Samuel.

"Colorable, but perhaps we had better hear him read it," said Mr. Thomas.

"I think so, yes," murmured Mrs. Grey.

"To prevent disappointment," began the lawyer dryly, "you should know that the deceased, some fifteen years since, invested the bulk of her property in an annuity."

"The deuce she did," snapped out Mr. Albert.

"Hold your row, Al, will ye?" snarled Mr. Samuel, giving me a vindictive little nod.

"Her real estate, this house and grounds," pursued the lawyer unmoved. "and her personality, some six thousand pounds in consols, she leaves as follows: twenty-five guineas apiece to each of her two servants; five hundred pounds to myself, five hundred to Miss Fanning,—"

"I shall contest that last," remarked Mr. Samuel emphatically.

"—The residue in equal fourth shares to Mrs. Grey and you three gentlemen, or the survivor or survivors of you, contingencies which do not concern us. The plate, and certain articles which she calls *curios*, the selection of which she leaves to my sole discretion. she directs to be distributed immediately after her funeral among her relations aforesaid, each legatee choosing in turn in order of seniority. This, madam and gentlemen, is the sense of this document. If it please you, I will now read it verbatim."

"And we shall be none the wiser for that," growled Mr. Albert. "My brothers may do as they like, but speakin' for myself, I shall want an office copy of that thing, and the

best advice I can get upon it afterwards."

Mr. Albert's ill-humor was obvious, his brothers' hardly less so. I never met persons of their position who took so little pains to control or conceal their feelings. They glowered at one another, rubbing their chins, digesting their disappointment.

"Dead swindle," gulped Mr. Albert and pushed back his chair. They all rose.

"Pardon me a moment," interposed the solicitor. "In the will there is no mention of the testatrix's wearing apparel; but in this codicil, informally executed, in that the witnesses are not stated to have signed by request, nor in one another's presence, and certainly signed upon different dates,—in this codicil, I say, which Miss Fanning found yesterday and which I then saw for the first time, it being wholly in the late Miss Barnwell's handwriting,—by this codicil she devises the whole of her clothing to Mrs. Grey."

"What might it be worth?" asked Mr. Thomas cautiously.

"Possibly sixty pounds, sir."

"In-formal, you said?" observed Mr. Samuel, looking at his finger-tips.

"I said informal."

"I don't think we need discuss an informal—illegal document, eh?" He referred to his brothers. For once the three were agreed. "Isabel would not wish,—she *cannot* wish to press an illegal claim."

"But, Samuel, dear, what use would poor old auntie's frocks and,—and,—underclothing and things be to you bachelors?"

"Not the point, Isabel, not the point. They're not *yours*; d'ye see? If you want 'em you can buy them at a valuation, or auction; yes, auction will be best. D'ye hear, Laidlaw? We'll have no valuations. They offer a loophole, you know, they offer a loophole."

Mr. Laidlaw said nothing. He heard

and saw a good deal that day which aroused his deepest repugnance, but preserved an unruffled composure through all. I never admired a man so much in my life. As for poor Mrs. Grey, she drew back into herself, quivering almost as if she had been struck. Her brothers never heeded her.

"Well, we're all agreed; next thing is to divide these knick-knacks. Where are they? In the library? I see you keep it locked."

"All in good time, Mr. Barnwell. There is a second codicil, as to the formality of which I believe there can be no question. In it you will recognize the character and executive capacity of your deceased relative. My client foresaw that the division of such property as we are about to deal with might be beset with difficulties, and might even give rise to disputes, and she has appointed me sole arbitrator and referee in all such cases, whether my adjudication is sought or desired or not, adding,—" he paused and continued in low, clear tones—"that, if in my opinion,—my opinion, you will kindly observe—any legatee shall object, obstruct, protest, reclaim, recriminate or make himself or herself disagreeable or offensive upon the occasion of this division, or shall refuse or delay upon the conclusion of this division to sign a declaration of full agreement and satisfaction before leaving this house, then he or she or they, the objector or objectors, shall at once and finally forfeit and forego all share in this division and—in the residue of the estate, and the division shall proceed between the assenting and agreeable legatees as though he, or she, or they, the objectors, had never existed."

Whether the men recognized their great-aunt's hand in these provisions or the hand of Mr. Laidlaw didn't much matter; what they did recognize was that they must submit to the

solicitor or lose their legacies. Mr. Samuel looked wicked but said nothing. Mr. Albert gave a short laugh, and ground a bit of coal into the carpet, Mr. Thomas meanwhile regarding him covertly with an air of subdued expectation, measuring-up, as one might say, the limits of his brother's patience and temper with an eye to contingencies.

An attempt was made to shut me out of the library upon the pretence that I had heard all of the will that concerned me, but Mr. Laidlaw was firm. He said I had helped him with his lists, and could put my hand on each article; but he did not say, what he has told me since, that he had private and professional reasons for insisting upon my presence.

"It's pure intrusion," blurted out Mr. Albert.

"'Tis not usual, Laidlaw, I must say; if you want help send for your clerk," said Mr. Samuel.

"My clerk, sir, is in bed with influenza; but if I had ten clerks, and all were available, I should insist on doing my business in my own way. What is the nature of your objection to this lady is no concern of mine. You have shown it in my presence twice in the last few days, and you must pardon my observing that it does you but little credit. You and the other legatees have to thank Miss Fanning for many hours of hard and exacting work upon your account."

Mr. Samuel was taken aback by the good little man's unexpected firmness. He had bitten into the peach forgetting the stone. Something was said about being obliged to me, which I did not over-value under the circumstances.

Into the library they trooped as soon as I turned the key; Mr. Samuel first, his sister last like a little shrinking gray mouse. Some minutes were given to silent inspection, and when

the rest had taken their seats Mr. Thomas would still be sauntering off to look over and finger something again. I observed that these excursions were narrowly watched by his brothers, but it was only upon the second "Sit down, Tom, will you?" that he joined the rest.

Then the scramble began. Mrs. Grey as eldest was bidden to choose first, and named her great-grand-mother's portrait.

"The Romney, begad, that's Isabel all over!" snarled Mr. Samuel. In fact there was such an outcry from all three that the poor lady was reduced to tears and was ready to have renounced her right had not Mr. Laidlaw intervened: but her "selfishness" in "picking the eyes out of her aunt's sticks" was so harped upon that she lost what little nerve she had begun with, and was cajoled out of more than one good thing. Mr. Laidlaw did what he could to protect her but felt the difficulty (as he has told me since), of offering advice when at any moment he might have to use his power as arbitrator. I never saw such men for native hardness and coarseness. Mr. Samuel, for instance, was for removing his things to a side-table as soon as he had chosen them; at this rate the room was presently not big enough for the three, but he would have his way. He is a wonder to spread himself, the sort of man that wants both racks and all one side of a compartment for himself, his hat, and his newspaper.

They bickered about this, they bickered about every trifle, each in his own style, as unabashed as small badly brought-up boys, coming to the verge of a rupture twice. Mr. Albert, at length getting outrageous, drew upon himself a reminder of the terms of the codicil. Their mutual jealousy led to the breaking up of a set of Apostle spoons. Mr. Samuel, who

fancies china, begged the one piece of blue hawthorn so shamelessly of his sister that his whispers aroused the suspicions of the rest, and Mr. Laidlaw's valuation being asked, there was an outcry, and the bowl being eventually put up to auction among them was knocked down to Mr. Samuel for forty-nine pounds ten shillings. The amazement, delight, and confusion of its rightful owner were almost laughable; the poor thing hardly liked to accept the cheque which her brother tossed surlily across the table.

Well, everything comes to an end at last. We reached the rubbish; boxes of old letters, framed silhouettes in black, and faded daguerreotypes, the hoarded keepsakes of a century and a half of women's lives. Last of all was a leathern case which I had disinterred from the bottom of a box-ottoman full of flowered silks and stiff *moire antiques* and poplins, uncut materials in the very papers in which they came from Norwich a hundred years ago. The thing was octagonal, banded and hasped with tarnished metal, and might be fifteen inches across by five in depth. It contained nine largish, whitish egg-shells, streaked and splashed with brown and black like ink-marks upon an old blotting-pad. I suppose there are people who can see the beauty of such things; I cannot. These were not glossy and handsome like ostrich eggs, but roughish to the finger and shaped like pears. They were packed in oakum and smelled faintly of a ship. Upon them lay three old love-letters, weak in the creases, faded and yellow, one written from Rike Awick and two from Conniesberg (wherever those lands may be) beginning *Darling Poll* and signed *Elijah*, a word which pretty nearly made me jump, but conveyed no meaning to the rest. With them lay a cutting from the *King's Waterbeach Advertiser* for July 25th, 1830, telling of the loss with

all hands of the brig *Northern Trader* of Boston off Sherringham, while on a voyage from Riga to Great Grimsby. Upon a paper pasted inside the lid was written in the formal sloping hand that our grandmothers learned in their seminaries *Penguins' Eggs, a Gift from E. G.*

That was all. I have described the things particularly, tediously, you may think, for reasons; but at the moment no one at the table looked twice at them. They were one more bit of out-of-date family lumber, and the last; so far we were in a way glad to see them, for some of us were cross and all were tired, and much packing had to be done yet, and time was running on.

"What's here?" said Mr. Samuel, whose turn it was. "Nothing worth the-carriage." He sniffed the leather: "Russia; held a fur cap once and will hold my spoons. Here, Isabel, these are more in your boys' line than mine, you shall have 'em for half-a-crown."

He roughly reversed the box, turning the contents upon the table-cloth. The egg-shells rolled hither and thither in rings, clicking and jostling. One went over the table's edge but was caught by Mr. Laidlaw.

"Penguin," he remarked abstractedly turning the thing in his hand in the light of the lamp, "who would have thought that a native of the southern hemisphere? But this is not—" He stopped abruptly, a quick flush mounting from his cheeks to his forehead.

The rest saw nothing of this, though Mr. Thomas, the selection over, was examining the books through the glazed doors of the cases and overheard something.

"There's an encyclopedia in here,—locked. Who has the key of this? Ah, thank you, Miss Fanning. Here, you are,—Penguin, a wingless seabird of the family *Sphen*—something or other; extremely abundant in southern lati-

tudes and so forth. No catch there, Sam. *By George!*" The last words were breathed softly. He replaced the volume, locked the case and returned me the key.

Mr. Laidlaw sitting with his back to the books must have seen something in the mirror upon the opposite wall. He rose, turned, glanced at a gap in the top shelf and overtaking Mr. Thomas, who was moving away, tapped him lightly upon the breast, smiling straight into his eyes, a very firm smile. There was something which sounded hard beneath the coat.

"Miss Fanning, a moment if you please."

I was at his elbow; still smiling he was holding Mr. Thomas by a button; the man was white and frightened. Then I realized what had happened; the rest packing their things with much tearing and crumpling of paper noticed nothing.

"I cannot permit this, sir. I doubt if I ought to condone it. That is a first edition of *The Pilgrim's Progress*."

"I—I'll pay—It—it was only to look at. I swear I meant,—but I'll pay," he muttered abjectly, rapidly, as thieves always do; I've seen two or three caught in my time, and they all had plenty to say for themselves.

Mr. Laidlaw, still fast to his button, read him through in silence. "You will write me your cheque for this book, now, this very minute, for two hundred pounds, or—"

"Two? Monstrous! Say five-and-twenty!"

"—Leave the house under the forfeiture clause."

The culprit twisted. Mr. Laidlaw, still holding him, made a half-turn to the others and cleared his throat as if to speak.

"Don't! I'll pay!"

"Two hundred, you take me! No fencing, if you please; it is your last chance.—Kindly take care of those

eggs, Miss Fanning," he whispered as he led his captive to a writing-table, whence he presently returned still smiling, and remarked to me in an undertone: "There was just a suspicion of bounce in that, Miss Fanning, for you remember the books are excluded from the terms of the reference, and by my own action."

"Then you couldn't?"

"Precisely. I could not." His eyes twinkled with enjoyment, although his voice was so modulated that it would not have carried a yard. Then in his clear business pitch he said to Mr. Samuel: "Mrs. Grey takes these natural curiosities at your price, sir," with a swift warning glance at the lady who had not spoken: half-crowns were too scarce with her to spend lightly. He pushed the coin across the table to her brother and obtained his initials to a receipt. "Fussy? say formal, sir; mine is a formal profession. And now, my dear madam and gentlemen, I am about to verify with you the list of curios with the names of their new owners, to which list you will attach your signatures by way of receipt and in token of your agreement. You are then at liberty to remove your property as soon as you like. What remains here remains at its owner's risk, although Miss Fanning and I will take the usual precautions."

The men guarding their hoards looked at the lawyer, at me, and last at one another. Him they could trust, me they could trust, but one another?—No!

They took themselves off at last in cabs with their treasures stored in candle-boxes and hampers, and we two women with Mr. Laidlaw breathed more easily round a cozy little supper-table, very, very late but oh so welcome!

The lawyer (who eats as genteelly as a lady) said little until I dismissed the

red-eyed, yawning maids to bed and undertook to close up myself. He looked white and must have felt tired, but with food and warmth some little pleasure in his success returned, and he began, so to say, to sparkle. He turned to Mrs. Grey: "Did you ever break the tenth commandment, madam?" said he.

The demand was not quite so startling as it looks, for the quivery little lady had already learnt to admire and to trust him. I am sure it never crossed her mind that he was joking, for she answered that she feared she must have done so at some time, and then, some painful memory recurring, "Oh often, often," says she; "I've lived for thirty years within sight of water and never, until this hour, have I had enough to drink!"

I laughed my loudest and patted her arm, for I feared a little scene, she was smiling so tremulously.

"But did you ever covet anything so suddenly, madam, and so strenuously, madam, that the temptation almost stopped your breath, and came within a measurable distance of overmastering your virtue?" He had ceased to balance his spoon, and his tone had grown so earnest that we looked upon him with a sudden growth of wonder. "Once have I been so tempted," he went on, "and only once. In the course of thirty years of family practice (an old connection of my father's before me, among some of the best people around here,) I have had my opportunities. Yes, we lawyers see singular things,—surprising lapses of memory, oversights, crass blunders,—I've seen several ripe pears that needed but one little touch to tumble into my mouth,—yes, into mine—I've seen derelict real estate which needed,—well, no more than a touch. These were such chances as have made a county family before now; but, I thank my Maker, ladies, that not only have I

never succumbed to them, but that I cannot recollect ever being seriously tempted,—until this afternoon."

We sat bolt upright in our chairs. "Mr. Laidlaw,—you are making fun of us!"

"It was the atmosphere; I am convinced of it. Possibly Miss Fanning is unsusceptible, but I—to me, ladies, the atmosphere of the library was most oppressive, almost mephitic, certainly infectious."

"Dear, dear! but I would have opened a sash; why didn't you speak?"

"That was it. I nearly had spoken,—nearly, not quite, *laus deo*," he bent his head over his hands as for grace after meat. "Mr. Thomas Barnwell's intervention saved me; I shall always think kindly of Mr. Thomas." His eyes met mine and I learned two things, that this was my grave, precise little neighbor's way of joking, and that I was to breathe no syllable about the adventures of John Bunyan.

"But what was it that took your fancy so? For I suppose that is what you are going to tell us. If it is anything of mine, dear Mr. Laidlaw, and I do hope it is, I am sure you are only too welcome to it. After the way you have advised and helped and,—and stood by me,"—her eyes began to fill—"I am sure I am only expressing the feelings of my husband and sons, Mr. Laidlaw."

He raised deprecating hands in affected dismay. "Don't try me too sorely, my dear lady; I am only human." He tripped from the room smiling so brightly that I knew the temptation, if it had ever assailed him, had passed.

In a minute he was back again.

"These are what brought the blood to my head, ladies, these egg-shells. No, madam, pardon me a moment; I know what you are burning to say;

that I am welcome to them all, that I paid for them with a certain half-crown of my own, and that in deed and truth you did not and do not want them, don't know where to put them, or who would care for them, and that they are mine already,—and all the rest of it." Mrs. Grey had been breathlessly trying to assent to every word of this, but Mr. Laidlaw would not let her in, laughing her down with hearty enjoyment of what was yet to come. "Do you know?—But how should you know?—You do *not* know that these nine egg-shells are, next to the Romney, probably the most valuable property we distributed to-day. No, I am not joking, ladies; these are the eggs of the Great Auk, sometimes known as the northern penguin, a bird that has been extinct for more than half a century, and the egg, or rather the egg-shell of which is worth pretty nearly a hundred times its weight in gold."

"Is—this—possible?" we asked in amazement.

"It is as certain as that I stand here. Ornithology is my hobby. I know the history and present possessor of every Great Auk's egg in the world. I have seen and photographed most of them,—pretty nearly all indeed except the American specimens and those at Turin and Lisbon. I said I knew them all; good Lord! to think that for fifty years I have lived within five minutes' walk of nine, *nine*, N—I—N—E absolutely unsuspected, undescribed, uncatalogued specimens!" He paused for breath, tossing up both hands and letting them fall to his sides, a figure of ecstatic surprise. "And such specimens! fairly well-blown, much better than most, clean, unhandled, unworn! Why, my dear madam, you are the possessor of property which, if you choose to keep it in your own hands, will make Wardlestone Parsonage a Mecca. Your drawing-room carpet

will learn the foot-falls of every leading bird-man in Europe!"

"Mis-ter Laidlaw, whatever shall I do with the things?"

"Sell them, madam, sell them at once by auction at Stevens's;—yes, auction will be best," he murmured to himself with a little one-sided smile. "It will give me the greatest pleasure to make the needful arrangements. The worst of them, this pale one, is cheap at two hundred."

Mrs. Grey clasped her hands firmly to steady herself.

"These larger scrawly ones, with the interlacing pattern in Indian ink around their thicker ends, may fetch three hundred apiece. Nothing so good has been offered for thirty years at least. What this monster will make, heaven only knows! It is bigger, handsomer, and more curious than the hitherto unique specimen in the City of Liverpool Museum, the one which belonged to Lord Derby's great-grandfather. Yes, there are three thousand guineas in this handbox. But,—I beg your pardon, my dear lady; compose yourself, I entreat! What *have* I said, Miss Fanning? Salts, salts, if you please!"

Poor Mrs. Grey lay doubled-up in her chair weeping aloud and without restraint. "To think,—to think," she sobbed, "and no later than last week I was beg—begging for a little loan, Mr. Laidlaw! My poor boy, Theodore,—you don't know him, a dear fellow, so clever, sure of his first-division honors, I'm told, possibly even a high wrangler-ship—had at last made up his mind to come down, was going to take his name off the books, to leave Cambridge, you know, in his second year, too! Oh, it was hard, but we could stand the expense no longer. And now—and now!" She wept again, and I felt like tears myself though Mr. Theodore is nothing to me. "But, Samuel, has he no claim? What *will*

he say?" she added, dabbing her eyes nervously.

"You may take it from me, madam, that he has not the shadow of a claim in law or equity. If he is so ill-advised as to prefer one, I beg you to refer him to me. As to what he will say; well, if we three keep counsel, I take it he will say nothing, this class of property being quite outside his experience. We will, with your permission, madam, dispose of them as the property of a lady, and put this Iceland letter into the auctioneer's hands to add a touch of—what shall we say?—local color."

"You must know, ladies, that the Garefowl, Great Auk, or Penguin, (*pen*, signifying king or chief, and *gwin*, crow, hence its Welch name King of the Crows,) was at one time abundant upon the coast of Newfoundland and elsewhere up north, but was so persecuted by whalers during the breeding season that by the year 1820, when Mr. Elijah Gilbert, whoever he may have been, visited the place there was but one colony left, a reef off the coast of Iceland,—Eldey, I think. It was there that he took these eggs, which he presented to his lady-love, Miss Polly, whoever she may have been. Now the scientific interest of the situation centres in the fact that these nine must be positively the last eggs taken from this or any other locality, for the whole reef was submerged by an earthquake in the following spring, 1830. With these facts brought properly to the attention of the ornithological world I think we may count upon spirited competition for your property."

I listened to this with amazement. At that time I took no interest in natural curiosities; but this was a different matter, a fortune at the very least. To think how roughly Mr. Samuel had handled these valuable things turned me hot, and how I had saved

one from bumping against the lamp-stand!

As for Mr. Laidlaw his excitement and delight were a pleasure to see. "Nine!" he crowed, rubbing his hands palm to palm. "The Smithsonian will send a commission; foreign governments will compete; the Kaiser, our own people, Lord Mildenhall, Sir John Chieveley, Mr. Gawston-Dering,—oh, ho! I shall bid myself, but I shall stand no chance!"

He wagged his head with such comical self-commiseration that we women laughed in spite of ourselves, and one laugh leading to another the evening ended cheerfully, as I have known the evenings of other funerals to do.

Mr. Laidlaw's forecast was fulfilled almost to the letter. The sale took place in May and was quite an event; most of the London papers had leading articles about it. The thing touched the popular fancy, and, what was more to the purpose, the fancies of people with money to spend. The competition was very keen; an effort was made to secure the whole nine for the Cromwell Road Museum, but the ambition to get hold of the last set that would ever come into the market had seized the Americans, and a syndicate of New York millionaires bid up for them too for the Central Park Museum. Neither party had reckoned upon certain private collectors who went for the three especially handsome eggs regardless of cost. The records, as I heard Mr. Laidlaw say, were broken from the first lot.

The Romney made a deal of money, too; I had not the faintest idea all those years that I was living with such costly things in the house!

And poor Mr. Samuel did hear of it. The idea that those must have been his eggs dawned upon him the day after the sale. We heard that he almost had some kind of fit. They said

that he cried like a child, and went on about that half-crown for four-and-twenty hours.

He got but little out of Mr. Laidlaw, and only silence from his sister. She is a good woman and a forgiving one, but his behavior about that codicil had touched her to the quick. She said little, but she felt it, and it opened her eyes at last. I know, for I was paying her a visit at Wardlestone at the time, looking around and considering, for I had lost the only home I had, and after fifteen years in one place it is cold work moving on, and I had begun to fancy that at my time of life I was not everybody's choice as housekeeper or companion. But it does not do to give way to discouraging thoughts or one's manner suffers and then it is all up with one, so I put what face I could upon it and kept my advertisement in *The Daily Telegraph*.

As for the Greys, it was the prettiest thing to see their almost childish enjoyment of their new means and the tiny little treats they allowed themselves, and their pleasure in being able to give. Goodness me; What pitiful little economies had become second nature to them, and how they laughed at one another for keeping them up, and unconsciously dropped into them again while they were laughing! I declare that the maids in Miss Barnwell's kitchen had lived better, far better, than these poor gentlefolks had lived.

The sons seemed fine, grave, thoughtful young fellows with the most beautiful manner towards their parents, and a kind of easy deferential entertaining way towards myself, which quite altered my opinion of young men from the University—not that I have ever come across one before, now I come to think of it. Mr. Theodore had done all that his mother had said, and better, something most unusually bril-

liant, I forget what, and had a nice appointment already.

I had received my legacy. Five hundred pounds sounds well, but twenty pounds a year is not enough to live upon. Mr. Laidlaw, when paying it over, had suggested an investment, and had acted for me most kindly and would charge me nothing; indeed he smiled at the suggestion. "Let me hear from you pretty frequently, Miss Fanning," he had said at parting, (he once addressed me as *my dear young lady*.) and had actually seen me off, although it is quite possible that he had other business at the station.

Not being quite a fool I had not allowed myself to dwell upon these trivialities, and was utterly surprised at finding him in Mrs. Grey's drawing-room one day when I came down for tea. He was in mourning for his sis-

Macmillan's Magazine.

ter whose death we had seen in the paper two months before. He rose to his feet as nimbly as a young man, cup in hand, and greeted me cordially, his usual precise, twinkling, smiling manner just a little heightened by absence, possibly. It seemed he was down in Surrey on business. He spoke with some momentary hesitation. He had put up at the Davenant Arms; a comfortable house apparently.

Why had he not let us know he was coming? Ah, why indeed? He seemed nervously amused and perhaps a little at a loss upon this point.

At this moment Mrs. Grey heard her husband calling from the garden and left the room looking at me over her shoulder as she opened the door; such a curious look!

And yet I suspected nothing.

And then—!

IMPERIAL POLICY AND FREE TRADE.

There is, in the grammar of ancient Greece, if my somewhat hazy recollections are correct, a tense unknown in any other language, and designated in my schooldays as the *Paulo Post Future*. The only approach to an intelligible explanation of its meaning was that it signified a contingency which might occur if some event should happen which had not yet taken place. Supposing this explanation to be correct, Mr. Chamberlain's Imperial programme seems to belong to the *Paulo Post Future* category. Nobody as yet is in a position to explain exactly what the Government intends to propose. All one can say with any degree of certainty is that at the next General Election the Ministry contemplate an appeal to the constituencies on a policy designed to consolidate the Empire and

to bind the Colonies more closely to the Mother Country. We are further given to understand that this policy may involve a new departure in our whole fiscal administration, and that its authors do not consider themselves bound to dismiss from consideration any measures which could facilitate the end they have in view, simply and solely because such measures might be inconsistent with the dogmas of free trade. It may, I think, be also taken for granted that the Government consider a General Election as likely to occur before the date when Parliament would come to a natural end. I sympathize most cordially with the Imperialist ideas which form the basis of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. But I, in common with the rest of my fellow-countrymen, should like to know more

clearly than I do yet the precise methods by which these ideas are to be carried into effect before I am asked to express any opinion, one way or the other, as to the policy upon which the country will at no distant date be asked to give judgment at the polling-booths.

The immediate question, therefore, under consideration is not whether Mr. Chamberlain's policy is wise or unwise, sound or unsound, far-sighted or short-sighted, but what are the prospects of this policy receiving popular endorsement. In as far as I can judge, this issue will be mainly determined by the manner in which it is placed before the public, or, to speak more correctly, before the masses. Those amongst my readers who are unfortunately old enough to remember, as though it were yesterday, the embittered discussions which accompanied the introduction of household suffrage as the basis of our electoral system, first in boroughs and later on in the counties, will recall the arguments by which the bestowal of the suffrage upon the working classes was advocated or deprecated. In the days of which I speak the main argument used by the antagonists of household suffrage in boroughs was that its introduction would of necessity place supreme electoral power in the hands of the most numerous, the poorest, and the least educated section of the community. This argument, which could not be controverted, was met by a storm of invective from the supporters of a wholesale extension of the suffrage, a storm which culminated when Mr. Gladstone turned round upon his opponents and reminded them that the working men of Great Britain "were their own flesh and blood." A similar argument might have been applied with far greater truth in favor of enfranchising women and children under age. But, in the days of which I

speak, Liberals and Conservatives were bidding against one another for the vote of the working classes; and the fatuity of this claptrap utterance passed well-nigh unnoticed at the time of its delivery. The most powerful opponent of household suffrage in boroughs was the late Lord Sherbrooke, better known in those days as "Bob Lowe." At this period, however, when Mr. Gladstone's influence was at its zenith, common-sense and hard logic had little chance of obtaining a hearing in or out of Parliament, and Mr. Lowe found himself crying to deaf ears in deprecating household suffrage. The Bill was passed, and Mr. Lowe's career as a politician was brought to an end. Before, however, he was relegated to the House of Lords he had one opportunity of retaliating upon his detractors. During the debates on Mr. Foster's Education Bill, he, somewhat to the surprise of his former colleagues, rose to support the measure, but based his support on the ground that after our recent legislation "it was only wise to educate our future masters."

The phrase may have been cynical, but it expressed a hard if unpalatable truth. Whether we like it or not, the working classes are nowadays, from an electoral point of view, our lords and masters. In the majority of the constituencies the working-class vote, if given solidly, outweighs all other votes combined. If therefore the working men of the United Kingdom are, rightly or wrongly, of one mind as to any measure or policy, they can secure its acceptance or rejection even if the whole of the wealthier and more educated classes of the community are unanimously in favor of an opposite view. It is thus no exaggeration to say that the working classes in the end are our masters, the body whose votes determine the policy of the Empire, and the party by whom that policy is to be administered.

I admit most gladly that, during the years which have elapsed since household suffrage became the law of the land, the mastery of the working-class vote has been exercised, as a rule, with good sense and moderation. Many causes may be alleged to account for this result. In the first place, the strength of what may be called the social organization of England is out of all proportion to its numbers. Again, the intense individualism of our race, both high and low, is a serious obstacle to all united class action. Then, too, the British public, viewed as a whole, take very little interest in political questions which do not affect them individually. And, what is most important of all, our working classes possess their full share of the shrewd good sense and sound judgment which lead Englishmen to entrust the conduct of public affairs to men whom, with or without reason, they deem to be more competent than themselves. Moreover, there is happily no such division of sentiment in England and Scotland, at any rate, as that which divides high and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, in most other self-governing countries. Our prejudices and convictions, our likes and dislikes, our traditions and ambitions are, *mutatis mutandis*, very much akin amid all classes of the realm. Still the brute force of mere numbers will tell in the long run; and we can recall at least one occasion on which the State policy of the British Empire has been reversed by the voice of our masters. I do not suppose that at the time of the Bulgarian atrocities one workman in a hundred knew where Bulgaria was situated, or that one in a thousand had the remotest conception of what the Eastern Question is, or in what way the fortunes of England might be influenced by its solution. Yet, to quote a phrase current in those days, "the great heart of the nation" was

stirred up by the Midlothian campaign, and the working man's vote carried back Mr. Gladstone into office, and thereby modified, for good or evil, the traditional policy of England in respect of the Ottoman Empire. The protest made by the British working men against the "Unspeakable Turk" may have been sound in principle. As to that I express no opinion. All I contend is that the verdict of the masses on the "Atrocities" issue was given on no sound understanding of the issues involved, but on the impulse of sentiment and prejudice. What has occurred once may occur again.

It seems more than likely that an issue is about to be brought before the British electorate, whose decision may determine the fate not only of England, but of the British Empire. This issue, if my view is correct, must ultimately be decided by the attitude of the working classes. The policy of which Mr. Chamberlain is the author, which Mr. Balfour has virtually adopted as the programme of his Ministry, and which he has pledged the Government to try to carry into execution, involves, admittedly, a material change in our system of fiscal administration and in our trade relations with foreign countries. Any such change is obviously open to the charge that it necessitates the abandonment of free trade as the one dominant principle of our industrial policy, and it is, to say the least, liable to the further charge that it can only be carried into practice by imposing fresh duties upon the importation of corn. It is manifest that these are the two charges upon which the Liberals hope to secure the support of the working-class electorate, and thereby to bring about the downfall of the Unionist party and their own return to power. The first of these charges is based on an appeal to the working classes in favor of the maintenance of free trade, as being the charter of

their welfare in the future as it has been in the past. The second charge is founded on the assumptions that any system of preferential duties, such as that suggested by Mr. Chamberlain as essential to the consolidation of the Empire, must of necessity increase the cost of living, and that this increase must inevitably fall on the shoulders of the masses.

To the first of these charges I for one attach no special weight. I utterly disbelieve in the assertion that the working classes of our community have any strong bias in favor of free trade as an abstract principle. The British workman, in all matters which concern his own labor, is at heart a rigid protectionist. The fundamental theory of all trade unions is to exclude competition, to keep up the price of labor by artificial limitations, to oppose any mechanical improvements which might increase the profit of the employer by enabling a larger output to be effected by a diminution in the number of hands employed in its production, and to hinder the individual workman from doing more or better work than the bulk of his comrades. I do not say or think that the working classes are to be blamed for seeking to promote their personal interests at the cost of the community at large; but I do say that trade unionism is based upon Protection, and is inconsistent with the principle of free trade as expounded by its authors in the days of the Anti-Corn Law League. There is no question about the fact that during the period which followed the repeal of the Corn Laws there was a marvellous development of trade in England and Scotland, and that within the same period the average rate of wages paid for manual labor underwent a material increase. It is hardly reasonable to expect that the classes who profited by this outburst of prosperity, when the revenue, to use Mr. Gladstone's phrase,

"advanced by leaps and bounds," should take much heed of the fact that the period of which I speak coincided almost exactly with an extraordinary development of railways, steamships, and telegraphy, things which have revolutionized the whole commerce of the universe. The *post hoc, propter hoc* fallacy is one which has recommended itself before now to the approval of men whose intellectual training far exceeds that of ordinary workmen. I am not surprised, therefore, that the rank and file of our laborers and artisans should attribute the amelioration of their condition to the influence of free trade, and should regard any proposal to change our fiscal system with instinctive apprehension.

I have, however, sufficient confidence in the intelligence of our fellow-countrymen to believe that they are capable of being taught that free trade doctrines are not, like the rules of arithmetic, capable of universal application. That two and two will make four must remain true till the end of time; but free trade may obviously be beneficial to any country at one stage of its development and detrimental at another. If you turn to the writings of the Anti-Corn Law League you will find that the introduction of free trade was represented as the advent of an industrial millennium under whose reign every country should produce the articles which it was best fitted by nature to provide, and under which war would be rendered impossible by the certainty that all mankind would have no further cause for envy or hostility. We were assured further that all other countries would follow the example of England in throwing open her ports and markets to foreign competition; that every industry in England would flourish more vigorously than it had ever done before, owing to the decrease in the cost of all articles of general consumption; and that if any

country should be so blind to its own welfare as not to adopt the new evangel inaugurated by the Manchester School, it would soon be shown the folly of its ways by the decline of its trade and the exhaustion of its resources. Every one of these prophecies has been falsified by events. Wars have been more frequent, more costly, and more murderous throughout Europe under democratic institutions than they were in the days of monarchical or aristocratic rule. The example of England, far from being regarded as a shining light, has been rejected by every one of her neighbors as detrimental to their own interests; and instead of this blindness of vision leading to their own discomfiture, their trade, their manufactures, and their agriculture have flourished exceptionally under protective systems. Even the Cobden Club must admit that the prospects of free trade ever being accepted by the world at large have become more remote to-day than they were at the date of its foundation. It is also manifest that under free trade many industries in the United Kingdom, and notably agriculture, which till recent times was by far the most important industry in the country, have dwindled away. It needs no showing that in consequence of the decline of British agriculture we have absolutely no means of providing the people of this country with their daily bread, other than the constant importation of vast quantities of foreign corn. There is, too, no longer room for doubt that under free trade the competition of foreign countries enjoying protection is seriously endangering the supremacy of our manufacturing industry even in our own markets. I fully own that in my opinion free trade is not the only cause of our present unsatisfactory position. But, be this as it may, there is no gainsaying the hard fact that all the promises on the strength of which this country committed her-

self to free trade have proved fallacious; and in the face of this fact I cannot accept the assertion that our working classes are still so enamored of free trade as to refuse to listen to any argument not in accordance with the theories of the Manchester School. It seems to me an insult to the British working man to assume, as our leading Liberals do in all their speeches, that he is too pig-headed ever to give a hearing to any proposal not based simply and solely on the theory that free trade is a self-evident truth which, to use the phrase applied by the Church of Rome to dogmas propounded by an infallible Pontiff, must be held *semper, ubique, ab omnibus*.

The second charge in virtue of which the working-class electorate is to be induced to reject an Imperialist policy, root and branch, is, I hold, far more powerful because it is more difficult of refutation. With the characteristic bluntness of speech which, whatever his adversaries may assert, is the secret of his hold over the British public, Mr. Chamberlain has himself admitted that an Imperialist policy may under certain contingencies necessitate the imposition of preferential duties on bread-stuffs imported into the United Kingdom from foreign corn-growing countries. He has also acknowledged that this policy may, under conceivable though improbable conditions, lead to a rise in the price of bread, while at the same time he has declared his belief that any increase in the cost of living will, in as far as the working classes are concerned, be more than compensated by a consequent increase in wages. These admissions on the part of the Secretary for the Colonies have given the Opposition the cry for which they have searched hitherto so wistfully and so unsuccessfully. Their programme is ready cut to their hands. Imperialism, the constituencies are to be warned, means the abandonment of

free trade. The return to protection means the imposition of preferential duties in favor of our Colonies. This means a rise in the price of bread. A rise in the price of bread means destitution, if not starvation, to the laborer and the mechanic. In order to avert this catastrophe the Unionist party must be displaced from office. All ideas of an Imperialist policy and of the consolidation of the British Empire must be consigned to oblivion. This can only be done if the constituencies return a Liberal majority at the next General Election. All working men, therefore, throughout the kingdom are to be called upon to vote for the "big loaf" of free trade as against the "little loaf" of protection, and by so doing not only to deal a death-blow to Imperialism but to save themselves, their wives, and their families from misery if not from ruin. Cheap bread is to be the standard under which the Liberals are to march to victory.

From a party point of view, the cry of "cheap bread" is a telling appeal to the classes who, as I have said before, are, from an electoral point of view, masters of the situation. I have been too long conversant with British politics to entertain any delusions as to the certainty of this cry being espoused by an Opposition hungry for office. The manner, however, in which Mr. Chamberlain's policy has been assailed by his opponents exceeds even the ordinary license allowed by usage to party warfare. All that the chief champion of the British Empire has asked for is that the ideas which he has sketched out as the basis of an Imperialist policy should receive the serious consideration of his fellow-countrymen, and especially of those amongst them who exercise influence over the British public. This appeal for consideration has been met by an outburst of vituperation. Throughout all the speeches and addresses delivered by

the leading men of the Liberal party since Mr. Chamberlain put forward the outlines of an Imperialist programme, I have failed to notice any serious attempt to meet the arguments he employed to show the necessity for some modification of our fiscal system. I have been unable, as a rule, to find any internal evidence that his arguments have even been perused with attention. The purport of all the Opposition speeches I have had occasion to read is one and the same. That purport, put into plain English, is "Down with Chamberlain, up for cheap bread, and, above all, vote for the Liberals." Lord Rosebery, it must be fairly owned, recognized in his first speech the grandeur of Mr. Chamberlain's conception, while reserving any definite approval till further information was forthcoming. As soon, however, as his lordship learnt that the Opposition saw a chance of upsetting the Government on the "big loaf" cry—the cry by which they carried the Bury election—he experienced conversion, assured the public that his qualified eulogy of Mr. Chamberlain was a mere expression of personal esteem devoid of any political significance, that he was a staunch partisan of free trade, and that, to use a vulgar phrase, he was sound "upon the (Liberal) goose." With this exception I cannot see any sign that the Liberals have felt it their duty to take serious account of the grave issues Mr. Chamberlain has submitted to public consideration. It is enough for them to declare that the maintenance of free trade, as a ruling principle of our State policy, is essential to cheap bread, and that therefore any attempt to consolidate the Empire by preferential tariffs is in itself "anathema maranatha." It is characteristic of the deterioration which has befallen the Liberal party that its nominal leader should not have deemed it unworthy of his position and the high traditions he represents to com-

mence a rabid denunciation of Imperialism by likening Mr. Chamberlain's policy to the action of a cuttlefish, who vomits forth a mass of inkly slime in order to blind his assailants, and thereby to save his own life. If this be Scotch "wut," Heaven preserve us from Sir Campbell-Bannerman!

"Slanders," to use a Turkish proverb, "like chickens, come home to roost." I cannot but hope that the virulence of the abuse with which Mr. Chamberlain has been assailed for having committed the heinous offence of wishing to render the British Empire something more of a fact, something less of a name, may in the end redound to his own advantage. British workmen share to the full the liking of their countrymen for a man who has the courage of his opinions, who is not afraid to explain his views in plain language, and who, whether his views are sound or unsound, is proud of England, believes in her Imperial mission, and is never shaken in his confidence as to her ultimate triumph. With a nation which loves fair play, a public man gains rather than loses by being unfairly abused. I hold, therefore, that the Liberal party would have shown more astuteness if they had expressed sympathy in the abstract with any policy which had in view the aggrandizement of the British Empire, but had objected to the policy propounded by Mr. Chamberlain on the ground that it had not been sufficiently studied out, and that in any case the time was not ripe for its accomplishment.

Notwithstanding, however, the bad taste and worse judgment with which the Liberals have conducted the campaign against Imperialism, I cannot but feel that the "cheap bread" cry is likely to exercise a very great influence with the working-class voters. Political economists, especially if they belong, as they do in most instances,

to the free trade party, are fond of dwelling on the innate superiority of direct taxation as opposed to indirect. Practical statesmen, who study human nature by personal experience, not by book learning, are well aware that taxation which actually takes hard money out of one's pockets is always far more unpopular than taxation which only increases one's general liabilities. An *octroi* is, of all means of collecting taxes, the most costly and, in principle, the most unjust. Yet the inhabitants of towns, such as Paris, in which the *octroi* is established never complain of this mode of levying revenue, and would bitterly resent the substitution of direct rates. A tax on imported wheat comes under the category of indirect taxation, and would not therefore in itself excite any serious popular irritation so long—as proved to be the case with the shilling duty—as it did not appreciably raise the price of bread. Mr. Chamberlain, however, with his wonted frankness, admits that a corn duty such as he contemplates may possibly, or even probably, affect the selling price of bread to an appreciable extent. Indeed, I fail to see how the policy he has in view can be carried into execution unless England is content to raise a duty upon the most important of her imports—that of bread-stuffs. If this is so, it is idle to imagine that the retail price of bread will not be raised, at all events at the outset. Now, of all forms of taxation, a tax on bread is the most unpopular with the poorer classes of the community. To the laborer and the artisan it means direct taxation in its most aggravating form. Bread is the staple food, if not of our workmen themselves, at any rate of their wives and families. To the upper and middle classes an extra charge of a farthing or even a halfpenny a loaf is a matter of utter indifference. But to the working man the extra charge which has to

be paid out of his own pocket week by week, if not day by day, is a serious and a constantly recurring burden. It is very easy to say that this outlay could be more than recouped if workmen would drink a glass or two the less during the week, or smoke a few less pipes. But for my part I can see no more reason why the poor man should be expected to forego his few comforts than why the rich man should be asked to dispense with any one of his many luxuries. Human nature is much the same anywhere, and what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

Holding this view, I own frankly that if I earned my living by manual labor my instinct would be strongly opposed to any artificial rise in the price of bread; that I should be extremely sceptical as to any commensurate increase in my wages; and that, if I had a vote, I should probably employ it against any policy which contemplated raising the price of bread by the imposition of duties on imported corn. In plainer words, unless strong grounds should be shown to the contrary, I should vote for the Liberals as against the Unionists.

If my diagnosis is correct, the motives which would influence me personally, supposing I were myself a working man, are likely to influence the great mass of my hypothetical fellow-workers. Should this prove to be the case, it follows logically that the fate of the British Empire will be decided, for good or bad, upon the issue whether the working classes of Great Britain will or will not consent to any augmentation in the price of their daily bread. Votes with us count nowadays by heads, not by brains, and if the working-class electorate decide in favor of the "big loaf" against the "little loaf," all idea of consolidating the Mother Country and her Colonies into one united Empire must be post-

poned indefinitely, if not abandoned permanently.

In dealing with matters which affect the vital interests of our country it is wise to look facts in the face. Now the bottom facts of the present political situation are that the question of Empire or no Empire must be settled by the votes of the working classes, and that as things stand, the workman's vote is likely to be given on the plain and simple issue whether an Imperialist policy is or is not likely to raise the price of bread. This truth is fully appreciated by the opponents of the Government. For the sake of decency, the Liberals keep to the pretence that they are fighting the battle of free trade as having been the cause of the comparative prosperity the working classes have enjoyed since the repeal of the Corn Laws, and as being the safeguard of their well-being in the future. But the real gist of their appeals to the votes of the operatives is that Imperialism must raise the price of bread, and that therefore the vote of the proletariat must be given for free trade, which is, as they allege, synonymous with cheap bread. We may regard as cynical the persistency with which the leaders of the Liberal party keep on assuming that the one thing the working classes really care about is the cheapness of their daily food; that the fortunes of their country, the welfare of their fellow-countrymen across the seas, the fulfilment of England's Imperial mission, are to them matters of supreme indifference provided they are not called upon to pay a somewhat dearer price for the quartern loaf. But from an electioneering point of view the Liberals are well advised in making their appeal to the masses on the plea that "cheap bread is the one thing needful." It is true this plea is in direct contradiction to the scriptural adage that "man cannot live by bread alone." Politicians, however, of the

Little England school hold with the well-known lines in Russell Lowell's *Biglow Papers*, that "John P. Robinson, he, thinks they did not know everything down in Judee." Perhaps after all the Liberals are wise in their generation. The *argumentum ad hominem* is always an effective appeal, more especially when the particular portion of the human frame to which the appeal is made is the belly.

Notwithstanding all these admissions, I see no reason why the champions of England's Imperial mission should despair of raising the controversy between the "big loaf" and the "little loaf" to a higher level, and of enlisting the sympathies of the working-class electorate in favor of the consolidation of the British Empire. The cry of free trade being in danger has no terror for the rural population. They require no evidence beyond that of their own eyes to realize that to the agricultural interest free trade has proved a disaster, not a benefit. They can see for themselves how rentals have fallen everywhere, how the production of home-grown corn has ceased to be profitable, and must continue to be unprofitable so long as wheat grown in and imported from America can be sold in the English market cheaper than the home-grown article. They can see also how the squire, the parson, and the farmer have grown poorer without any corresponding gain accruing to the laborer. They can observe how the young men are quitting the fields for the town, how the small country towns are decaying, how the industry by which their forefathers lived is dying for lack of sustenance. They are not likely, therefore, to turn a deaf ear to any policy which offers to open fresh markets abroad for British produce and to restore our home markets to British agriculture, on the grounds that this policy is inconsistent with the orthodox doctrines of free

trade, or that the interest of the consumer is more important than that of the producer. Hodge may not be quick-witted, but he is sensible enough to understand that free trade, which was good for England half a century ago under conditions which have long ceased to exist, may not necessarily be good for her to-day. He is quite shrewd enough to suspect that if British agriculture is to be saved from absolute ruin some drastic change is required, and that this change, under whatever name it is called, must involve an alteration of our fiscal system for the benefit of the agricultural interest.

Amidst the urban electorate and crusade against the absurdity of regarding free trade as a principle of universal application will obviously encounter far greater difficulties than amidst the rural electorate. Under free trade our artisans as a body have received higher wages and have been able to purchase the necessities of life, and even some of its luxuries, more cheaply than they were able to do before the repeal of the Corn Laws. It is, as I have stated before, open to argument how far the improvement in the material condition of the British artisan is solely or even mainly due to free trade; but arguments of a complicated kind are not easily intelligible by common people. After all, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and we have no cause to complain if the artisans of England have hitherto accepted, as a matter of blind faith, the assumption that their improved status is the result of free trade.

At the same time, the artisan is far more accessible than the laborer to the higher aspects of Imperial policy. It is a mistake to overestimate the power of sentiment in politics. It is an even greater mistake to underrate its influence. The educated classes in this country are, I think, apt to forget that

our self-governing colonies are peopled by men of British race, who, for the most part, are members of the British working classes. Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and South Africa possess greater personal interest for British laborers and British artisans than they have, or can have, for the wealthier classes of the British commonwealth. The fact that our colonial kinsmen wish to be brought into closer kinship with the Mother Country tells more in the cottage and the factory than it does in the mansion and the villa. Again, patriotism in its cruder forms is certainly not less common in the lower ranks of British society than it is in the upper. I cannot conceive how any one who lived through the reverses which occurred at the outset of the late war, and through the victories which culminated in the wholesale surrender of the Boers, can question the truth that the war was even more popular with the masses than it was with the classes. Kid-glove politicians may decry the value of popular demonstrations such as were witnessed throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom when news of the relief of Ladysmith and of Mafeking first reached our shores. The mobs who screamed themselves hoarse in the streets of London and in those of every great city, north, south, east, and west, while singing the *Soldiers of the Queen* were actuated by the same sentiment which was shown by our soldiers in the field and by the well-to-do classes who bore the financial burdens imposed upon them by the war cheerfully and well-nigh without a protest. The war is over; the glamour of our victory is departed; the bad quarter of an hour when the bill has to be paid has arrived; and yet, up to now, no public man of any weight or standing, however advanced his views may be, has had the courage to stand up before an open meet-

ing of his fellow-countrymen and to denounce the war as unjust and unnecessary. In the rare instances when such an appeal has been made, the response received has not been of a character to encourage its repetition. I may add that the criticisms of the "New Diplomacy," of which Mr. Chamberlain is alleged to be the author, do not proceed from the working classes. His blunt frankness of utterance and his disregard of conventional euphuisms come home to British instincts. When, at the time of the outrageous attacks on Queen Victoria in Paris, and of the still more outrageous insults which in the German Parliament were offered to the British armies, Mr. Chamberlain replied by bidding France to mend her manners, and by informing Germany that her insults must not be repeated, he voiced the sentiments of the British public and spoke the language which Englishmen like to hear from the mouths of their statesmen, and which they have heard too seldom since the days of Palmerston. The fact, if fact it is, as I believe it to be, that Mr. Chamberlain will have the sympathies of the working-class electorate enlisted on his behalf in favor of his Imperialist policy, is one which should be taken into account in estimating the chances of his success or failure whenever, if ever, his policy is submitted to the judgment of the constituencies.

Still, I should hesitate to foretell that these sympathies would turn the scale if the Liberals can succeed in persuading the masses that an Imperialist policy necessitates the abandonment of free trade and, as a necessary corollary, a rise in the price of bread. The undoubted truth that under free trade wages have been higher and the cost of living cheaper for the artisan must bias him against a policy based upon differential duties. Even if it can be proved to popular demonstration that

free trade is not the main cause which has brought about the cheapness of bread, the hard fact remains that, if a substantial increase is made in the duties on corn imported from foreign countries, there must of necessity be a corresponding increase in the average price of bread. The prospect of the additional revenue to be secured by preferential duties proving sufficient to enable the State to provide old-age pensions for the industrious poor, seems to me too remote and too nebulous to weigh much with the working man. Nor can I see how the possibility of a rise of wages following upon an increase in the cost of bread being a probability, and still less a certainty, can be proved by any process of argument which would commend itself to the approval of the working-class electorate, upon whose shoulders the first loss incurred by any material rise in the price of bread must fall of necessity. Why, then, I may be asked, do I entertain the hope that the working classes may in the end support an Imperialist policy at the next General Election?

A score of years ago, when a reaction of popular sentiment against free trade had just begun to make itself manifest, I had a conversation with my old friend Sir George Elliot, who was then M.P. for the County of Durham, and who was one of the largest coal-owners in the north of England and in Wales. In the course of the conversation I asked him what he thought about the prospects of protection again coming into popular favor. His reply was to the following effect:

I know very little about political economy, but in as far as my knowledge goes I am in favor of free trade, and I am certain that it is profitable to my own trade under existing conditions. But though I may be a very poor authority on political economical questions, I know a great deal more about the British working man than

ninety-nine Members of Parliament out of a hundred. And I can tell you this with absolute certainty, that if ever the British working man gets it into his head, rightly or wrongly, that foreign competition is likely to lower his own wages, you will have a cry for protection which no Government and no party can venture to resist.

During the years which have come and gone since this conversation was held I have watched with close attention the continuous change in popular opinion with respect to the advantages of free trade. I think every candid observer will agree with me in saying that free trade is no longer regarded by the great majority of educated Englishmen as a dogma commanding universal credence. The Cobden Club is virtually if not nominally defunct. The younger generation of Englishmen regard free trade at the best as a system which may be beneficial to certain countries at certain times and under certain conditions, but which at other times and under other conditions may be positively fatal to our progress and prosperity. The opinion of the "civilized world," about which we used to hear so much during the Boer war, is dead against free trade. Every one of the countries which rallied to protection has not, as Cobden used to foretell, fallen behind in the race, but has actually gained ground commercially in comparison with England. In consequence, thinking Englishmen have, as a body, come long ago to the conclusion that free trade is at the best a principle of local and temporary application; and there are many indications that they are fast getting round to the view that free trade, as we know it to-day, is positively detrimental to British interests.

For the reasons I have already indicated I hold that this reaction—which is not so much a conversion to protectionist ideas as a distrust in free trade theories—would naturally have made

more rapid progress with the working classes than with those not dependent for their living upon manual labor. The principles of the Manchester School are, justly or unjustly, out of harmony with the ideas which commend themselves nowadays to the working classes in England. The one cause which has kept them constant to a belief in free trade has been the fact that under free trade their wages have been higher and their food has been cheaper than in the old days of protection. It is, to my thinking, idle to endeavor to teach the electorate, which before long will have to decide the issue between Imperialism and Little Englandism, that high wages and cheap food have no necessary connection with free trade. With the masses, facts they can understand tell more than figures they do not and cannot understand. If, therefore, we are to create general distrust amidst the masses in respect of our existing system which in their minds is associated with high wages and cheap food, we can only hope to do so by proving to them that our trade is already impaired by foreign competition, and that if our trade decreases then wages must fall also.

It ought not, I think, to be impossible to bring home to the working man a conviction that our commercial supremacy is seriously endangered by a system under which English traders fight against foreign competitors with their hands tied. The experience of the war is too fresh in men's memories for even the most ignorant of our fellow-countrymen to be under any delusion as to the ill will and jealousy with which England is regarded throughout the world. There is no disguising the plain fact that, so long as fortune was adverse to our arms, the nations of the Old World and the New vied with each other in expressing their hopes for the success of the Boers and in

predicting the downfall of the British Empire. Germany, Russia, and France took the lead in this anti-English demonstration. In as far as popular sentiment is represented by the press, Austria, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, and Italy—countries upon whose good-will we had some reason to count in return for past services—joined the outcry against us. Even our kinsmen across the Atlantic, though they assure us, as I believe with truth, that at heart they wished well to England, so contrived to dissemble their love that it looked more like indifference to our welfare than active sympathy. Practically, throughout the war we met with no encouragement, no assistance of any kind, except from our British colonies beyond the seas, who rallied to our support in the hour of danger. No exceptional intelligence is needed to appreciate the truth that the main cause of the well-nigh universal hostility displayed towards this country throughout the war was not any regard or concern for the Boers, but jealousy of England. Our wealth, our mastery on the sea, our free institutions, our immunity from attack, our "splendid isolation" excite not unnaturally the envy of other nations less favored than our own, and this envy is intensified by a latent suspicion that England is now commencing its career as an Imperial power, not approaching its end. Englishmen will have only themselves to blame if they fail to realize that the supremacy of England is an eyesore to the world at large, and that the downfall of the British Empire is the object which our neighbors have at heart. For many reasons, upon which it would be foreign to my purpose to dwell, the time is not yet ripe for any armed coalition against England. Indeed we, by our blind adherence to a doctrinaire policy, have obviated the necessity for

armed action on the part of our rivals. Ever since the abolition of the Corn Laws, the corn-producing powers of England have dwindled away, until, according to a not unfriendly estimate, the country does not produce enough corn to keep our people from starvation for more than a few weeks in case we became involved in a war which stopped our supplies of corn imported from abroad. Under these circumstances to go to war in order to ruin England would be an absurdity so long as the same end can be attained by the cheaper and simpler method of excluding British goods from foreign markets by imposing prohibitive duties. This is the course resorted to by our neighbors as a matter of common interest. Every important foreign country is becoming more and more enamored of protection, and the vital principle of every protectionist system is to encourage native industry by practically excluding foreign goods from native markets. Other countries can defend themselves against prohibitive duties by retaliation, or, in plain words, by imposing increased duties on the import into their dominions of goods manufactured abroad. But England, so long as she regards free trade as a sort of sacred covenant, is debarred from retaliation. The unanimity with which our foreign friends, who only yesterday were our bitter enemies, implore us for our own sakes not to abandon the policy of allowing all other nations unrestricted access to our markets should—to use a French saying—give “us to think.” Anybody, as things stand, can injure us with impunity. Would it not be better and wiser if we resorted to the old motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*? The advantage of such a resort to common-sense is manifested by the fact that Germany has expressed an intention to mulct Canada, because this, the greatest of British Colonies, has of her

own accord offered to give preferential advantages to goods manufactured in the Mother Country as against goods manufactured in foreign lands. The only retort we can make is by saying that if Germany carries out her intention we shall raise our duties on goods manufactured in Germany and imported into England. This retort, however, we are debarred from making, because retaliation is inconsistent with the theory of free trade.

I cannot but think that if these views are put forward clearly and intelligibly to the working-class electorate they will command such an amount of assent as may enable the advocates of an Imperial policy to establish the essential basis of such a policy, the granting of preferential duties to our own Colonies. I am convinced, too, that no one living is so well qualified, by character, by power of argument, by knowledge of trade at home and abroad, and by a profound belief in the “manifest destiny” of England, to win the assent of the British working classes to the imposition of preferential duties, even if they necessitate a rise in the price of bread, as the statesman who has done more than any other man of our time to awake his fellow-countrymen to a sense of England's Imperial mission. But his failure or success lies in the hands of the gods; and the gods on this occasion are the working men of England to whom we have entrusted supreme voting power. It is they who will dictate the composition of Parliament, and thereby command the policy of Great Britain. It is to them that we Imperialists, who regard the maintenance of the United Kingdom and the consolidation of the British Empire as surpassing in importance all other considerations, must appeal for support. They, as Mr. Lowe foresaw, are our masters, and by their judgment we must abide.

A NIGHT IN THE OPEN AT TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND FEET

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF AN ASCENT OF ACONCAGUA.

PART II.

That night was like the last, and like the one to come—agonizing, filthy, and miserable beyond expression. At a very early hour on December 13 Anacleto decided that the wind had dropped sufficiently to allow us to march to the 19,000-foot camp, and about six o'clock we started—myself, Anacleto, Manuel, and José. The last three each carried a load, and I fancied at the time that Manuel, being the youngest of the party, had been given the lion's share of the baggage.

We took only the two small Whymper tents, sleeping-bags, blankets, Primus stove, and a little food. Snow was to supply us with water. Anacleto was now attired in a duplicate set of my clothes—Jaeger combinations about two feet too long for him, two azure shirts, three pairs of Shetland stockings, and Zurbriggen's boots, which that famous man had presented to Dr. Cotton on his return from the first conquest of Aconcagua.

Our way led at first over slushy snow, between the serried *nieves penitentes*, almost due north; and then we turned up the great slope in a southeasterly direction. As far as eye could reach stretched a steep face of snow, and I saw that our ascent would be made under conditions very different from those prevailing at the dates of the Zurbriggen, Vines, and Conway ascents. Zurbriggen went to the top without putting his feet on snow, and Vines and Conway encountered far less snow than scree. As it turned out I trod on hardly anything but snow, both soft and hard, until I reached the rocky gully on the summit-ridge,

and thus escaped almost entirely the continual backsliding on volcanic debris which so tired and retarded the previous expeditions.

It was about six when we started, and for hour after hour we went plodding on over the interminable white waste. Sometimes we came to places where steps had to be cut, and here Anacleto took the lead and hewed away with his ice-axe. Sir Martin Conway says in his book (p. 93) that there is no step on the whole mountain which a child could not take. I beg leave to doubt whether the child in the street would (and "could" in these cases hangs upon "would") climb step by step as the leader halts to hack out a fresh foothold up a snow face on which a fall would obviously mean extinction. The President of the Alpine Club must not found generalizations on the abnormal capacity of his own offspring to walk unaided on the spikes of the area railings and chase the cat over the window-cornices of the fifth story.

The jagged rocks of our encampment by this time stood out well in view, and as the day wore on the weight of their burdens told on the men, and I managed to get a good lead, and sat down at last to rest on some boulders. Manuel and José were now far behind Anacleto; and presently I heard a shout, and then saw Anacleto put down his load and go down the mountain to his comrades. Manuel the dandy, Manuel the delight of the damsels of Inca, had given out, and lay panting in the snow. So Anacleto shouldered his load in his stead—which he evidently found a good deal heavier than his own—and he and José struggled up

to where I sat, and began a long division and readjustment of the three loads, while Manuel got up and slunk down to illimitable beef and sleep.

There was nothing really the matter with him. No doubt he felt somewhat punafied; and perhaps the thought of all that beef wasting below turned the scale. He was not of heroic build, wasn't Manuel. We others toiled on, often having to stop and lean like logs on our ice-axes, until at last, about four o'clock, we got to the bare flattish patch behind the jagged rocks whence Anacleto said Sir Martin Conway had made his way to the summit.

High above us, yet not seeming to be very far away, stood out the red palisades of rock that appeared to be the summit of Aconcagua; behind us, to the west, we looked over Torlosa to the Pacific. I might have stayed out and watched what may have been, for aught I know, the most splendid sunset ever seen, but I didn't. Directly a tent was pitched I crawled into it, and then into my bag; and the two men left the other tent unpitched and crawled in after me, remarking that now Manuel was gone there was plenty of room for everybody in one. We were all tired and cold and speechlessly miserable, and we were very crowded. As usual, the wind blew out the flame of the lamp time after time, and filled our noses and mouths with the oily stench; but we got some hot cocoa at last. Soon it dawned on my dulled brain that there was something seriously amiss with Anacleto; his eyes were bloodshot and watery, and he groaned incessantly. Although he had worn his goggles all day, he was evidently snow-blind; he seized my hand and thrust it into his streaming eyes, crying out like a child that he was done for, and could go no farther.

"My eyes! Oh, my eyes!" he kept muttering, and then he would groan heart-rendingly. I felt so acutely

wretched that this misfortune hardly affected me. At 19,000 feet existence itself seems the utmost limit of human endurance, and regrets and hopes cower as at the near approach of death. José was the only one of the three who slept much that night; Anacleto and I punctuated the long minutes with groans.

The old pains in my head were torturing me; my limbs were sound and well, and I had no symptoms of the indigestion and nausea which had broken down several members of the previous expeditions. At one in the morning I gave up the farce of trying to sleep, and set about making more cocoa, which Anacleto and I drank to the music of José's snores. I also ate half-a-dozen tiny slabs of chocolate, as provided by the Army and Navy Stores, and when I had finished I felt as though I should not want any more food for a fortnight. As it happened, that cocoa and chocolate, with six meat lozenges, was the only food I ate for the next forty hours. Next I woke up José and asked him, in my two words of Spanish, if he would go with me to "*el pico*" and earn an extra fifty dollars. He growled out "*Si*" and went fast asleep again. At half-past three I, with great difficulty, roused him again, and got him, not without grumbling, to put on the layer upon layer of horsehide which served him as boots. While he was dressing I went outside and had a look at the weather. It was a grand morning, clear and cloudless, and the sun was already rosy on the windless peaks. I packed a rucksack with plenty of food for both of us, including a bottle of port and egg-flip specially reserved for the return journey; for though alcohol is a bad thing to climb on, it is an excellent thing to toboggan down on when you have reached the summit

1 "The peak."

2 "Yes."

of your ambition and never want to see it again.

It was a little after four in the morning of December 14 when we set out; and I felt a little compunction in leaving poor Anacleto alone for twelve or fourteen hours, but what else could I do? To wait at 19,000 feet for a better opportunity is a physical impossibility; inaction at those heights is a creeping death. Directly we had emerged from the tent José asked me pointedly if I had got *el vino*,³ and I felt in the rucksack for the bottle to make certain. This was a bad sign; but I was carrying my large water-bottle myself, and I didn't care very much who got to the bottom of the port so long as I got to the top of the mountain. To our right loomed the steep red western face of Aconcagua; in front of us an enormous snow slope led up to some rocky peaks which appeared to be the summit, but which really were the flanks of the gullies leading to the top; towards the north (our left), high up on the slope, a line of serrated rocks led right up to what appeared to be the highest peaks. The shortest way to these peaks was, undoubtedly, straight up the great snow slope; but the gradient was very steep, and Sir Martin Conway had impressed on me the importance of keeping well to the north-east in order to strike the couloir leading to the actual summit of the mountain; whereas if you took the most obvious route you got into a gully leading to the westernmost and slightly lower of the two peaks, over a dangerous arête with a drop of two miles on one side of you and 300 feet on the other. Under normal conditions the great snow slope that confronted us was a mass of loose rolling stones, extremely difficult to climb; but now, owing to the extraordinary snowfall of the previous winter, it was almost en-

tirely covered with a thick layer of snow, in some places soft on the surface, in others as hard as ice. Thus my task was an easier one than that of any of my predecessors. Where the snow was soft at the top the going could not have been better; there was just enough plasticity to prevent back-sliding without any of the labor of plodding through deep snow. Where the snow was hard it was another matter. The slope was in most places so steep that the nails in my boots were powerless to prevent slipping, and consequently I had to have recourse to the ice-axe and cut steps, which was a slower but, I think, a less laborious process than climbing the treacherous scree beneath. Mr. Vines, in his excellent account of his ascent,⁴ laments the short-sighted advice of his guide, Nicola Lanti, who persuaded him to cross the steep face of the mountain, instead of making a détour to the north-east in order to take advantage of the solid rocks which there fringe the slope.

Notwithstanding the marked difference between the snow conditions under which Mr. Vines made his ascent and those confronting me, I decided to do what Mr. Vines regretted not having done, and I set my face towards the long rib of solid foothold, prolonging the route in order to get a better one. About an hour after the start, as I was trudging mechanically on and hugging myself in my fur coat, I heard a shout behind me, and looking round I saw José, about three hundred yards below, standing in a woe-begone attitude.

Up through the still air came the words, "Yo no soy vaqueano para Aconcagua,"⁵ and then, to my speechless disgust, this villain of a fellow, rucksack and all, went off calmly down the snow towards the little green tent.

³ "The wine."

⁴ "The Highest Andes," p. 111.

⁵ "I am not a guide to Aconcagua."

Fury possessed me as I thought of my lost lunch; I felt perfectly convinced at the time that José was leaving me purely and simply in order to change the position of the *vino* in which he felt such a fatherly interest. But from what I subsequently gathered, I believe that José, drink-sodden roustabout as he was and is, was suffering from *puna*, produced or exaggerated by the intense cold, which the poor devil had not the same means of combating that I had. The short and the long of it was that he was not properly clad for the higher levels of Aconcagua; for on the previous day no one supposed that he would have to go beyond the 19,000-foot camp. Still, even now, when the loss of that lunch has ceased to annoy me, I think that he might have had the decency to bring it up to me before turning back. But such a course might have involved his losing the *vino*; and I suspect that this consideration decided Master José. Certain it is that when I returned to the little green tent nearly thirty hours later there were only dregs enough left in the bottle for the rascal to be able to swear, truthfully indeed, that there was "plenty for the *patron*."

For increasing one's bodily vigor there is nothing like losing one's temper; no tonic invented by the faculty can touch it. I well remember when a friend and I were wearily plodding, footsore, bedraggled, and almost fainting—through the western slums of London at eleven o'clock at night having, the evening before, in Balliol, taken long odds to large amounts that we would not, or rather could not, walk the fifty-four miles between Oxford and London in eighteen hours—how three big policemen suddenly rushed out of a dark alley and made us prisoners, insisting that we were the burglars from the Uxbridge direction who had for so long been disturbing the peace of the metropolis.

We were within an ace of being locked up; that would mean the loss of our bets; the thought maddened us beyond words. Hubert, with his usual magnificent daring, was for knocking down all three policemen and escaping; but I pointed out to him in a whisper that we had both just sat down in the middle of the road from sheer exhaustion, whereas the policemen were beefy fellows who had evidently supped. As a last resource I informed our captors that my friend's father was a member of the House of Lords and that my own father was a member of the House of Commons, and that if we were detained we would move heaven to procure their dismissal from the force for our false imprisonment. This argument fortunately prevailed, and we were released. But whereas before this episode we were almost unable to drag one leg after the other, thereafter we moved with the jauntiest of gaits, and won our bets, hands down, about one in the morning. In like manner my rage against José stimulated my nervous energy, and by nine o'clock I had got appreciably nearer the north-eastern rocks. The sun was now very powerful, and I felt very hot in my long fur-coat, so I called a halt and took off both my fur-coat and my outside pair of gloves and laid them on the snow in a position which I felt sure I should recognize on my way back. Man proposes. My beautiful eleven-guinea fur-coat and my lovely baby gloves lie there to this day; perhaps there they will lie to the end of the world. Here I took the water-bottle off my back and tried to have a drink; but the screw-stopper was frozen, and I could not undo it. Fortunately it was vulcanite, and a blow from my knife broke it off; and fortunately all the water inside was not frozen, though a good deal of it was. Here, too, I discovered, to my great delight, a tiny box of meat

lozenges in the pocket of my leather jerkin; now I felt that if the worst came to the worst I should at any rate not starve for a day or two. Soon after this I passed the snowy region and got on to some hard rocks at the entrance of the couloir—a blessed relief after the wearisome step-cutting I had to resort to so often. Entering the gully I saw no more of the outside world; great red pinnacles towered on either side of the rocky road I had to climb. Here it was often necessary to use hands and knees over the piled-up rocks. The work was very severe, and I had to stop and rest at no long intervals.

I counted the number of steps I could take without stopping to rest, and found the average about twenty. The worst moment of all was that immediately after stopping; the breath, now that the lungs were no longer violently expanded in the effort of walking, seemed to leave the body, and several deep gasps were necessary to procure relief. The top of the couloir cost me the greatest efforts I had to make. Here there was no snow, and the rocky floor gave place to powdered detritus which afforded no foothold whatever. Often I fell on my face, panting, and as often slipped backwards three or four feet. But at last I got free from the couloir and its débris floor, and stood on what had appeared to me from the 19,000-foot camp to be the summit of the mountain.

It was not the summit, however: away in front of me, to the southwards, perhaps a mile away, stood out the twin peaks I had to reach. They appeared very little higher than the ground I was on; but no doubt they were a thousand feet above me. To my amazement I saw the ground in front shelving downwards; a great depression, full of rocks and stones, and entirely free from snow, fell away from me, and then rose, forming a

sort of natural amphitheatre towards the summits. But my attention was soon absorbed in contemplating the view which I had obtained for the first time at this point.

The east and the west and the north were now disclosed in all their immense grandeur. Tier upon tier of snowy peaks stretched away in all directions; beyond Torlosa on the west the Pacific, as on the previous evening, still lay dull and unresponsive to the sunshine; there was a break in the white legions towards the north-east through which a broad stretch of the Argentine pampas glistened; but elsewhere for hundreds of miles was nothing but ruddy spurs and marbled wastes and snowy pinnacles. But I did not wait long under the perfect cone of porphyry that formed the end of the couloir. I hurried on with renewed confidence: the sight of that nearing summit was worth more than all the port José had appropriated. The going was now much easier than it had ever been; and in front the slope up to the final arête which runs in a huge arc along the southern face of Aconcagua, from the Horcones to the Vacas valleys, was less steep than the lower face of the mountain.

Up there in the open the air seemed more invigorating than in the narrow gully, and I should have been absolutely happy had not a tiny cloud warned me to make the most of my time. At last I reached the great arête, and looked over into that appalling 10,000-foot abyss. What a Tarpeian Rock from which to die! Wouldn't there be a winged feeling of delight in the soul that sinks into oblivion from such a colossal height? But again something urged me onwards: this time it was not a prudential consideration; it was a snowflake. I had not far to go now, which was lucky. I struggled on at the top of my speed, which was in truth a very poor walk,

and at last my hopes were crowned. A cliff in front shut out the view; I scrambled up it, and in front of me stood Zurbriggen's stoneman. I was on the top of Aconcagua, and the time was half-past one.

From various sources I have gathered that it is the correct thing to leave your card on the top of a mountain. I had not brought a card with me, because I started up with the conviction that I should find the top of Aconcagua at home; and when I find people at home I never leave my card on them. Of course, active volcanoes' tops are apt to be out when one calls; and I suppose that fact has, by false analogy, extended the etiquette to all summits. But at the time I was thinking less of perpetuating myself on the top than of prolonging my existence at the bottom of the mountain. The thought had already occurred to me that the storm that was evidently brewing might last all day, and perhaps even far into the night; if I stayed long where I was I should assuredly be killed. I remembered a passage in Sir Martin Conway's book (p. 103) in which he says that life would be impossible in a storm on the upper rocks of Aconcagua; and although my clothes and I were a little later the involuntary means of upsetting this theory, at this time I believed in it as gospel. So I left the inspection of Mr. Vines' thermometers to the next visitor; indeed my hands were now so cold that I doubt if I could have opened the cases. I pictured my poor wife sitting in that bare room at Inca alone, and Anacleto's tearful tale (I feel sure the poor fellow would have cried), and with one glance at the cairn I turned and hurried down the way I came. Half an hour later an enormous cloud rose off the Pacific, and in ten minutes the whole sky was darkened, and snow fell in deadly earnest. The rest is a

confused mental tangle of intense cold, blinding snow, semi-darkness, crushing falls, despair, and the certainty of death. The further I went the worse grew the storm; soon I could only see a few feet in front of me. But I managed, as occasional rents in the pall of falling darkness helped me, to get upon the great northern snow slope, and blundered on, shouting in my agony for help—cries which the jeering rocks sent back to me unanswered. Twice on slippery hard snow I fell, and was at once whirled down the slope at a terrific pace. I clawed at the snow with my axe, but it would not grip on the hard surface, and I felt myself whirling onward at lightning speed to destruction. It was a most horrible sensation. But both times by some miracle I came to a patch of stones which stopped me. How far I rolled in this way I know not, but it must have been some hundreds of feet.

All this part of the journey is very hazy in my mind. I remember sitting down, paralyzed with despair, with fearful teeth-chatterings and shiverings shaking me; then I would call myself a coward and get up and go on for a few yards. But the deadly cold of that blizzard at 22,000 feet was fast overcoming me, and at last, as the storm still raged, I felt that I could go no further. I had wandered by this time on to a little promontory of rocks, which fell precipitously, as I found out next morning, to the slope 200 feet below. By the side of a big rock I saw a little scooped-out hollow in the snow: doubtless, thought I, this is my appointed grave. I sat down in it, quite glad to have ended the struggle, and looked at my watch. It was half-past four, and the snow was falling as thick as ever. Now I knew that I was done for. I took out my pocket-book and tried to trace a scrawl of farewell to my wife: it was

unlikely that they would ever find my body, but still there was just a chance of it. That was the worst side of that last half-hour, as I fancied it, of my life. She had advised me strongly not to go; I had gone nevertheless; and now here was the end, and she would be alone.

Well, fortunately this sort of half-hour occurs very seldom; that one, I know, has brought me a fine crop of gray hairs. The teeth-chatterings and shiverings had gone now; a drowsy feeling came over me; I stretched myself on my back in my little grave, with my feet sticking over the precipice, and the divine Nature which comes to our rescue when our own thoughts would kill us carried me into the land of dreamless sleep.

When I awoke I thought I was dead. The crescent moon was riding through a sky of deepest metallic blue, against which the white peaks that on every side hedged in my view struck with an almost unearthly contrast. As I gradually comprehended the full glories of that magnificent scene exultation filled my soul. "The kings of the world," said I to myself, "are not half as well buried as I am. If only men knew that the spirit hovers near the place where the body lies they would think less of the splendor of the mausoleum and more of its position. Shah Jehan built the Taj for Nur Mahal; he had much better have sent her to the Himalayas. I always thought Rhodes a great man; now I think him greater than ever, for he must have known what happens after death. For he chose his sepulchre on the ridge of the Matoppos, and probably he is the only being outside China who has a decent post-mortem view. But here are you, a most insignificant fellow in life, turned into a kind of emperor of the dead, with a mausoleum higher and grander far than that of any human creature since the world be-

gan." Then I began to rack my brain for a reason for my posthumous honors, and at length concluded, in the absence of more heroic virtues, that I must have been the only boy who never ill-treated a cat. There was a certain amount of cause, apart from the received tradition that people who go to sleep in snowstorms never wake up again, why I should believe in my bodily extinction. I was utterly without sensation of any kind in my limbs, and when I tried to move them they made no response.

The snow must have ceased soon after I lay down the previous evening, for I was only partly covered, and my feet stuck black out of the white mantle, with the toes turned inwards towards me in a horrible curl. The sight of those toes looking at me instead of at the sky made me feel rather squeamish, and, thought I to myself, if I can feel squeamish I can't be dead. So I began by trying to work my right arm, and after desperate efforts I broke it loose from the ice which had frozen it hard to the snow beneath. Examining my hand I found that the finger-tips of all the fingers were a mottled purple color, and the nails of the second and third fingers were black. This frost-bite was due to the fact that in my efforts to clutch the snow in my two involuntary toboggans down the mountain I had worn all the finger-tips off my gloves. Then I worked my left arm loose, the elbow in both arms being the chief point of attachment to the snow; even now the skin over my elbow joints is red and rough. Having freed my arms I broke my back free from the ice the heat of my body had generated, by pressure on my elbows, and sat up and tried to work my legs. Here I was less successful: my legs seemed paralyzed; I could not move them at all. At this stage in the proceedings my delight in having the finest tomb on earth was

sorely dashed. Here was I tied to the top of Aconcagua like a dog to his kennel. Every man must die once, but I strongly resented having to go through the process a second time. The imminent probability of this event, notwithstanding all my resentment, gave me a strength which I had otherwise lacked. After about half an hour's concentrated effort of will I succeeded in freeing my right leg, which appeared to be very nearly as useless free as it was tied, so numb and limp did it feel. With the left leg I had still more trouble. In trying to loosen it I must have wrenched the muscles in my groin, for they became exceedingly painful. At last I had both legs more or less at my command; but they obeyed orders very slowly and reluctantly, and the feet were both absolutely insubordinate.

All this time a wonderful sight was before me. The night gave way to the dawn; a faint twilight glimmered from behind the mighty bulk of Aconcagua and threw the giant's shadow far out into the distant sea; not a mere flat, intangible, two-dimensioned unreality like a common shadow, but a flesh-and-blood thing of length, breadth, and depth, lurid magenta-purple in color, a gorgeous prism, stretching from the apex of the mountain in a straight line across his snow-clad satellites far into the Pacific. Higher and higher rose the sun; nearer and nearer, as though to greet him, came that royal purple-clad shadow from across the sea; it climbed up the side of the mountain, kissed its creator, and died.

I had now, being a free man, to face the situation. It was about five o'clock of a fine and sunny morning, and I had to get down to my 19,000-foot camp if I could, or to Inca, twenty miles away or more, if I couldn't. To enable me to do this I had with me ten partly frozen fingers,

two completely frozen feet, and a small box of meat lozenges. I reckoned, knowing my stomach, which is a peculiar one, that the meat lozenges would keep me alive for three days. For at this time I had not the faintest hope of making either of my camps, having taken no bearings as I came up other than those afforded by the sun.

Aconcagua is such a huge mountain that one may be lost on it as easily as in the desert. As Mr. Fitzgerald says (p. 88), "the slopes of this mountain are so vast that it would be easy to get hopelessly lost on them." However, I had the sun to help me, as I knew that my course upwards from the 19,000-foot camp had been south with a touch of east in it. My difficulty was that I did not know how far or in what direction I had wandered during the snowstorm. I knew that the Horcones valley lay somewhere beneath me, as well as some very ugly precipices; if I could strike the valley I imagined I should get on somehow, even if I did not find the men and the mules. God only knows why I fancied I could have crossed the torrent alone; on my own legs I should assuredly have been drowned. Sometimes it is just as well to be over-sanguine.

At five o'clock I got on to my feet, having made a magnificent breakfast of six meat lozenges. My toes still looked up into my face imploringly, but I could do nothing for them; so I told them to lie down and behave themselves. I knew that five or six hours' rubbing might save them; but I also knew that a frostbitten man who has been rubbed for five or six hours is in an acute state of agony, and good for nothing but shrieks of pain. Besides, I hadn't five or six good hours of daylight to waste; it was for me a matter of life or death to get down to the valley before sunset.

Now that I stood up I began to ex-

amine my lodgings. It was a buttress of the mountain—a tiny ledge of piled-up rocks, communicating with one flank of Aconcagua by a steep gully of hard snow, which fell away precipitously a little way below me. All the other approaches to the buttress were sheer precipices.

As I looked at this crow's nest I marveled how I got there in safety. Blundering along in the snowy darkness there were a thousand chances to one that I had slipped down that steep couloir on to the gleaming snows far beneath. I had only about twenty yards of the gully to cross before it merged in the easy snow slope beyond. Those twenty yards cost me an hour's hard labor. In the first place the blizzard had not improved my nerve; and in the second my frostbitten fingers prevented my wielding the ice-axe with any great skill. I farked the business most thoroughly, but it had to be done if I was to get home. I dragged myself over the place at the rate of a foot a minute, making cavernous footholds for my cumbrous feet, and going more delicately than ever went Agag. But at last I got across, and sat down and returned thanks.

It was now six o'clock, and for two and a half hours I walked steadily downhill, keeping the approximate direction by means of the curved peak of Cuerno, near the base of which the 16,000-foot camp had been pitched. The fresh-fallen snow made the going rather easier than it had been the day before; but there were many places where the wind had swept it off the hard surface beneath, and these transitions gave me several awkward falls. Every nail had come out of my boots, and it was impossible to stand on the hard snow. I repeated my involuntary tobogganing experience of the previous evening on one occasion, and somehow or other, in my effort to put on

the drag, I cut a chunk out of my cheek with the ice-axe. Before I had gone very far I pulled up in the soft snow. During this descent my feet began to assert themselves; insubordination developed into flat mutiny. The increasing power of the sun was slowly thawing them out, and I found the process extremely unpleasant. I cannot hope to describe the pain, but I believe it is almost the same as that experienced by people who are burned. About half-past eight I saw a sight which made me pinch myself to find out whether I was awake or not. There, far below me, a dot of color on the snow, was a little green tent. So far did I seem to have come, and so low down on the mountain, by comparison with Cuerno, did the tent appear, that I at once assumed that it was the 16,000-foot camp. I was wrong; it was the 19,000-foot camp, and when I was a couple of hundred yards away I managed to raise a shout, and immediately Anacleto and José came tumbling out, the latter brandishing the remnants of the *vino*. I felt inclined to brain the ruffian with my axe. At the moment I held him responsible for all my woes, the snow-storm included. Anacleto's eyes were better, but the poor fellow was in a state of great concern. As he told Dr. Cotton when he got back, "*Nosotros lo miravemos como muerto*" ("We looked upon him as a dead man"). The storm had descended on the men as well as on me, and they, with their large experience of blizzards at great altitudes, had never known a man exposed, to one to survive.

We wasted no time in useless palaver; I did not go inside the tent at all. Anacleto produced a blanket and hitched it on his back, and that was all the baggage we took with us.

The two men did all they could to make things easy for me. They supported me on either side, and simply

pulled me over the snow. When we came to a steep face Anacleto put down the blanket, seated himself in front, and put me behind him, while José sat behind me. Then José shoved off, and we dashed down the slope at lightning speed. I enjoyed the sensation immensely; it was such a relief to be off my feet. At eleven we reached the base camp, after a toboggan which seemed likely to end in destruction. It was fine to see Anacleto dash his heels into the snow and stop us dead in mid-career, just as we were at the steep verge of the glacier. After this came a short walk, which just about finished me off; I could hardly move over the icy puddles of the moraine, and Anacleto had to pull me into the tent. There I thought I would eat something; I tried a biscuit, and then a bit of chocolate, but to me they both reeked foully of kerosene, and I trod them under foot in disgust. Then I fancied a pipe would do me good. I had taken no tobacco at all up the mountain in order to keep my lungs at the top of their condition, and I felt a great longing for a smoke. But the first whiff almost made me sick: it was the kerosene again in gaseous form. I threw away my pipe and groaned. The next thing was to get a horse and go home. I found Manuel looking little the worse for his two days' surfelting, and bade him go down the valley to where Ramón was pasturing his animals and fetch me back a horse with all possible speed. Then I drank about a bucketful of icy water, and felt much better. Suddenly I caught sight of a gruesome reflection in a small hanging glass. My face was literally black with sunburn, all except the tip of my nose, which was white, being frost-bitten; my lips were bigger than any negro's, cracked and bleeding; there was an open wound down my left cheek, from which the blood had congealed in

ribbons to my throat. A six days' beard completed the picture.

Having nothing to do I went outside and rubbed my frost-bitten fingers with snow. Much to my astonishment, Anacleto came up with deprecating gestures and begged me to desist. It is a singular thing that these *peons*, who spend their winters combating frost-bite in the Cumbre, are ignorant of, or despise, the only remedy that is of any avail.

In about half an hour the worthy Ramón brought up several horses, and also his brother, whom I had not seen before, as he was not in my employ. For some occult reason this brother was sent home with me, Ramón instructing me that he answered to the same name as himself. I could not help admiring the consistency of the parents of the two Ramóns; but what ghastly confusion there must have been at home? Before I had time to ask Ramón whether he had any more brothers of the same name I had been holsted into the saddle, and received the parting salute of my awed retainers.

I gather that they regarded me as an uncanny individual who had leagued with the powers of darkness to escape death. There I left them, and saw them no more. Poor Anacleto! You were a rare good man of your feet once upon a time, and you are better than most now; but I fear the chief constituent of those tears the snow-blindness wrung from you was *aguardiente*!

The man who habitually drinks too much alcohol may do far grander things, but he will not climb Aconcagua.

It took us just six hours to ride from the 16,000-foot camp to Inca. Ramón the less led the way, and my trusty little pony followed. I could take very little interest in them or in anything else, for the pain in my feet, now

heated by the vertical rays of a powerful sun, had become almost intolerable. On and on we went without any particular incident until we came to the Paso Malo. There Ramón dismounted and led his mule, while I sat still on my horse and watched them clinging to the narrow ledge above the rocky pool. One of our mules, who ought to have been feeding quietly miles away, suddenly appeared alongside, and rudely pushed past me on to the tiny track. The next thing I saw was Ramón's mule falling with the sound of rattling stones towards the torrent. Luckily she brought up on a sandy buttress, and stood there quivering. Ramón could do nothing to help her; but after a minute or two she jumped like a cat on to a rock beneath her, and thence on to safe ground. Now Ramón came back and pulled me off my horse, drove him safely over the pass, and then came back and helped me to follow on foot. I walked like an old, old man; my knees trembled with the agony of supporting my body on those gangrened lumps of corruption that had been my feet.

The stray mule came back to meet us, and nearly knocked us both into

Longman's Magazine.

the abyss, and now the laconic Ramón lapsed for once into unparliamentary language. But it was all over in a few minutes, and I got on my horse again—for the last time. Twice we forded the river side by side without mishap, and the end of the journey, where the grass-clad valley widened near the little lake, seemed close at hand. All the way down the valley I had heard the most entrancing music; the air seemed vibrant with the melodies of an unseen aerial orchestra; I could hear the diapasons of the deep bassoons and the insistent clang of the trombones fused into harmony by the pleading voices of the violins. And yet I could hardly keep from tears. I should see her again now, after all; but how nearly had that kiss by the hotel steps been our last! The tears would run now; I groaned; but fortunately Ramón did not look back.

By this time he was quite used to the sound.

Reginald Rankin.

Note.—On December 20 the writer's toes were amputated about two inches behind the metatarsal phalangeal joints.

THE OBERLES.*

BY RENE BAZIN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE FOREST OF LES MINIERES.

The night was coming on, Jean had not yet left the German forests. He was sleeping, exhausted by fatigue, stretched on the pine needles and moss, while M. Ulrich watched, alert

for possible danger and still agitated by that from which they had just escaped. The two men were crowded into the lower part of a narrow space left by the wood cutters between two piles of wood. They had been thinning a fir grove, and the fresh branches covered the two ramparts of fallen wood and made more secure the shelter of the acute angle which they formed. All around the forests on the

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mountains swayed in the stormy wind. No other sound rose to those heights.

It was about two hours since M. Ulrich and his nephew had taken refuge there. When the train arrived at Russ-Hersbach M. Ulrich understood the situation at once, and told Jean that there was no longer time for him to take off his uniform. This insignificant action would have attracted too much attention in this frontier region full of seen and unseen spies, where the stones have ears and the trees eyes. With an oath he threw the valise to the coachman of the carriage hired three days before at Schirmeck.

"There's a piece of useless baggage," he grumbled. "It isn't heavy fortunately. Come driver, make your horses go!"

The horses took the road which goes through the poor village, reaches Schirmeck, and there leaves the principal valley and turning to the right follows the narrow winding valley that leads to Grande-Fontaine. So far there had been no special sign of suspicion, but the number of witnesses to this pretended excursion constantly increased, which was a serious matter. In spite of the curtains of the carriage, and the rug which M. Ulrich had thrown over the too brilliant tunic of his nephew, and which almost hid him, the uniform of the 9th Hussars had certainly been noticed by two gendarmes in the streets of Schirmeck as well as by the workmen in a stone quarry beside the road, and by the custom-house officer who had been smoking under a tree to the left of the first bridge at Grande-Fontaine and who had continued to smoke tranquilly. Every instant M. Ulrich thought: "They are going to give the alarm: perhaps it is given already, and presently one of the innumerable agents of the State will meet us, question us, and make us go with him whatever we answer." He did not

confide his fears to Jean, who was a different man from the night before, with the excitement of the enterprise.

The carriage rolled along fast beside the stream in spite of the steep pebbly road, and passed between the houses of Grande-Fontaine. Before them rose the Donon Shuungaud soft as velvet, with its beech groves and crown of pines. It was fifteen minutes past two when the carriage stopped in the middle of the village, where the waters of a spring flowed into a great stone trough. Here the travelers got out, as the carriage road went no farther.

"Go and wait for us at the inn of Remy Naeger," said M. Ulrich. "We will take our walk and be back in an hour. Give the horses an extra feed of hay, and drink a bottle of Molsheim wine at my expense."

Then M. Ulrich and Jean, leaving the path which ascends the Donon to the right, made their way directly to the left by the narrow path between the houses and gardens and hedges of Grande-Fontaine to the last village of the high valley, Les Minières. They had hardly gone two hundred yards when they saw the forester of the Mathiskopf whose slope descended towards them. [The man, with his Tyrolese hat and green coat the color of the fir leaves, came out of his house, above Les Minières, and took the path on which he must necessarily meet the two travelers.]

M. Ulrich was frightened.

"Jean," said he, "Here is a uniform I should prefer to meet later. Let us take to the woods." The forest was to the left. They were the fir woods of the Mathiskopf and farther on those of La Corbeille, thickly covered slopes which rose higher and higher and contained plenty of hiding places.

Jean and his uncle climbed the hedge, crossed several yards of open field, and entered the shade of the firs.

It was high time. The alarm had just been given by the military government of Strasbourg; they had telephoned to the custom-house at Grande-Fontaine, and to all those in the neighborhood, to prevent the desertion of Volunteer Oberlé. The forester, who had not received any message, did not reappear, but Jean and M. Ulrich—the latter with his old glass of Jena fame, quickly noticed signs of disturbance. In the quiet valley, custom-house officers and gendarmes could be seen. They, too, plunged into the forest of the Mathiskopf.

And the flight began.

M. Ulrich and Jean were not caught, but they were seen; they were tracked from forest to forest, for more than an hour, and prevented from reaching the frontier, for it would have been necessary to cross the valley below, exposed to the enemy. M. Ulrich's idea of climbing to the top of a pile of wood and slipping down with Jean through the opening between the heaped up fagots had saved their lives. The gendarmes prowled about in the fir-wood for some time, and then left, going in the direction of Glacimont.

Jean was asleep, and the night was falling. The wind heaped together the clouds and hastened the coming of darkness. A flight of crows almost touched the tree tops; at the vibration of their wings M. Ulrich came out of the revery into which the sight of his nephew stretched out on the soil of Alsace in German uniform, had plunged him. He rose, and cautiously climbed to the top of the green trench.

"Well, Uncle Ulrich," asked Jean, waking up, "what do you see?"

"Not a gendarme's helmet, not an officer's cap," whispered M. Ulrich, leaning over. "I think they have lost the scent. But with them you can never be sure."

"And the valley of Les Minières?"

"Looks deserted, my dear boy. Nobody in the two roads, nobody in the fields round the village. Even the forester must have gone to dinner, for I see smoke coming out of his chimney. Have you got your courage up, old fellow?"

"If we are pursued, you shall see."

"Well, we shan't be, but the hour has come."

He added, after a pause in which he seemed to be listening: "Get up here, so that we can arrange our plan of battle." When he had Jean's head near his shoulder, just coming above the branches of fagots, and turned to the west, "You see," said M. Ulrich, "the village of Les Minières?"

"Yes."

"In spite of the darkness and the fog you can make out that on the other side the forest is half of firs and half of beeches?"

"Yes, I can."

"We are going to make a half circle so as to avoid the gardens and fields of Les Minières, and when we are down there just opposite you will only have to go down about two hundred yards and you will be in France."

Jean made no answer.

"There is the place I have chosen for you; you must fix it in mind. Down there the Germans reserved all the forests for themselves, and left France the bare ground. Exactly in front of us on the other slope there lies a great point of French meadow. I even saw on it an old abandoned farm, from before the war, I suppose. I will go first."

"No, I will go first."

"Pardon me, my dear fellow, there is quite as much danger behind, and I must go in front to be your guide. I will go first then, and we will avoid roads, and I will lead you cautiously to a point where there is only one thing to do; go ahead, cross the road, then a few yards of undergrowth in

a straight line, and beyond the wood the grass is French."

In the darkness M. Ulrich embraced Jean. He did not wish to prolong the parting for fear of an agitation which would prevent his being completely master of himself.

"Come," said he.

They slipped along under the shadow of the tall firs which began just there. The descent bristled with obstacles, against which Jean and his uncle often stumbled, rolling stones and stones covered with moss, trunks of trees broken and rotten, branches which stretched out like claws.

M. Ulrich stopped constantly to listen. He turned round often, too, and always saw Jean's large outline close behind, though his face was not visible. Several times Jean said "They are gammoned, uncle."

"Hush, Jean. We are not safe yet."

The two companions descended, winding about to the edge of the fields of Les Minières and climbed a last spur of the Vosges, but without quitting cover.

When M. Ulrich arrived at the summit he halted and drew in a long breath of the wind that blew in his face, coming more freely through the thinner trees, and in spite of the danger he murmured, "Do you smell the fields of France?" There was a plain in front—but invisible. There was nothing to be seen but a motionless mass which was the forest, and above, flying masses which were the clouds.

M. Ulrich began to descend with still greater care, listening intently. An owl flew out. There were still thirty steps to make through the bushes that clutched at one's clothes.

"Halt!"

M. Ulrich stooped down, laid his hand on Jean's shoulder and said rapidly, "Don't stir! I am going to draw them away to Les Minières. As soon

as they are after me, rise, run across the road and into the wood. Run straight ahead! Farewell!"

He raised himself, took several cautious steps and then, once in the wood, began to run.

The voice, which drew nearer, cried out again twice. "Halt! Halt!"

A shot flashed through the darkness, and when the sound had ceased to echo under the branches M. Ulrich's voice could be heard, far away, shouting "Sold!"

At the same time Jean Oberlé flung himself forward on the side towards the frontier. Head down, elbows raised, seeing nothing, he ran with all his might through the branches which lashed his breast. He must have passed very close to a man in hiding. The leaves shook. A whistle sounded, Jean rushed on headlong. Suddenly he came out on the road. Immediately there was the sound of a second shot and Jean rolled over at the edge of the wood. There was a sudden shouting of,—

"There he is! There he is! Come along!"

Jean was up in a moment. He thought he had stumbled on a rut. He sprang into the undergrowth, but his legs were weak. He was oppressed with the anguish of inevitable failure. The cries of his pursuers were at his very back. The trees turned round. Suddenly there was a sensation of light, of cold wind, of space, and he saw no more.

* * * * *

Late in the night he awakes from unconsciousness! The forest is shaken by the storm. He is in a room of the abandoned farm, unfurnished and lighted only by a little lantern. They have laid him on some green branches. A man is bending over him. He recognizes a French sergeant. The first impression of terror vanishes. The face is kindly.

"Were there any more shots?" he asks.

The man answers, "No, no more."

"Ah, so much the better. Uncle Ulrich is safe. He came with me to the frontier. You see I was in the regiment. I come to serve with my own people."

He notices that his tunic has been removed, and that there is blood on his shirt. He breathes heavily.

"What is the matter with me?"

The officer, a man with big, twisted moustaches, who would weep if he were not ashamed, answered: "Through the shoulder, my friend. It will heal. It was a good thing that we were making our rounds just here when you fell into the meadow. My

comrade has gone down for a doctor. They'll be back at dawn. Don't worry. Who are you?"

In a half dream Jean murmurs, "Alsace." He can hardly speak. The storm of rain begins to break. It hammers the roofs, the planks, the leaves, the rocks, the whole forest that surrounds the house. The tops of the trees twist and roll like seaweed in the ocean. An immense murmur of millions of united voices swells along the Vosges and rises into the night. The wounded man listens. What does he understand? He is weak. He smiles dreamily.

"I hear the voice of France!" he murmurs, and falls back with closed eyes to await the dawn.

(The End.)

A TELEPHONE NEWSPAPER.

Few institutions have passed through so many vicissitudes and metamorphoses, due to the remarkable developments in science, as the modern daily newspaper. Our purveyor of news from all quarters of the world is in form essentially a production of the day; for, although an institution of several centuries' standing, the present daily newspaper no more resembles its prototype of the seventeenth century than the modern thirty thousand horse-power battleship does the ancient galley of the Romans.

The remarkable developments in the newspaper have all been advances with certain specific objects in view, the most important being the publication of events as quickly as possible. Everything is done that man and science can do to lessen the interval between the receipt of information upon the tape-machine and its publication in the paper: but many will contend that

there is a finality in this rigorous and strongly contested race against time. A certain period must necessarily elapse between the moment of setting the item of news in type and reeling it off at a rate of thirty thousand copies in an hour upon the gigantic newspaper presses—a speed greater than the eye can follow. It is almost impossible to deny this contention; but will the newspaper always remain in the form now so familiar, and will the news always be printed from type upon paper?

The most convincing reply to this apparently abstruse interrogation is to be found in Budapest. Probably there are few who would be so rash as to aver that the capital of Hungary ranks as one of the most progressive and up-to-date cities in the world; yet this city is setting an important example, inasmuch as one of its intelligencers publishes information of an event while it is actually happen-

ing—not as quickly as possible after it has occurred. Such an assertion appears at a cursory view a mere chimera; but nevertheless the *Telephone Herald* is a concrete reality, and forcibly demonstrates how, in the near future, the news of the day will be disseminated; and its title sufficiently describes how this is achieved—namely, by abandoning the printing-press and its thousand and one accessories, and substituting therefor the simple telephone.

Two or three years ago a Hungarian mechanic named Puska came to Budapest with a small instrument—the result of great labor, perseverance, and ingenuity amid many disappointments. This he exhibited, confidently asserting that it would furnish the newspaper of the future; but the preternaturally sage scoffed at his instrument and declared that his emphatic declaration was only the fantasy of a highly fertile and imaginative brain. But Puska was not to be denied in his confidence in the apparatus, and at last he succeeded in having it submitted to a thorough practical test. Then the *Telephone Herald* was started upon its career, which many predicted would be short and disastrous; but it did not prove a passing, ephemeral toy. The promoters did not attempt too ambitious a scheme at first. A news-service pure and simple was commenced, and soon emphasized its superiority over the existing newspapers in the rapid distribution of news. Its initial subscribers, who were piqued by that curiosity characteristic of anything widely different from the orthodox, soon realized its invaluable qualities, so far as celerity and reliability were concerned, and its fame rapidly spread not only throughout the city but in the country districts and provincial towns. Subscribers were enrolled with such rapidity that the company experienced a great difficulty in coping with the

work of extending the system and enlarging their apparatus. The inventor and his appliance were received everywhere immediately on the practicability and efficiency of the invention being assured; and they were the principal topics of conversation in the streets and clubs and of discussion in the newspapers.

So soon as the new venture was firmly established, Puska was besieged with offers to purchase his invention, and many of them were tempting; but the inventor turned a deaf ear to them all. Even to-day the arrangements of the telephone exchange at the office and the methods of its manipulation are jealously guarded from inspection by any person not directly concerned in the operations.

The economical working of such an enterprise as the *Telephone Herald* is obvious. There is no printing and type-setting machinery involving the expenditure of many thousands of pounds; the plant simply comprises a telephone wire and receiver at the subscriber's residence, connected with the exchange. The staff is very similar in composition to that of the conventional newspaper office: the editor and his assistants, and the usual supernumeraries for the collection of news.

When there is any special item of information to be distributed, all the subscribers are simultaneously rung up and connected with the editorial sanctum, and the editor or an assistant reads over the news into the transmitter on his desk in a clear voice so that his words may be quite audible even to the most distant listener. The items of news, as they are received in the office, are written and subedited in the usual manner, and condensed as much as possible, so that the subscribers may receive the intelligence in the fewest words compatible with sense and lucidity. Even the leaders

and editorial comments are transmitted in the same manner.

As the *Telephone Herald* developed and the number of subscribers increased, a system of organization for the transmission of the news was carried out. The reports are not transmitted promiscuously as they arrive; for the convenience of the subscribers they are despatched hourly, the first service being at eleven in the morning and the last at three o'clock in the afternoon. In the event of any special news arriving in the intervals, it is immediately communicated to the subscribers. As the service develops, the editions will be elaborated to cope with the exigencies of the subscribers.

The apparatus at the subscriber's residence consists of a telephone-receiver, similar to that of the ordinary telephone, attached to the wall, but yet so small and neat as not to be unnecessarily obtrusive or unsightly. From this depend two long lengths of wire, carrying at their extremities a small disc or trumpet which the subscriber places over his ear. The apparatus is so arranged that the subscriber can lie down or follow some other occupation while he hears the news. Should the information not prove delectable to the auditor, he simply places the trumpet upon the hooks fitted to the receiver.

Notification of the sending of news is transmitted by an alarm-signal, which arrests the attention of the subscriber to the instrument, since it is obvious that he could not be always at the receiver awaiting information. Then, to draw attention to a special communication of news before, between, or after any of the usual hours of transmission, an alarm-signal has been introduced—a sort of trumpet—which is sufficiently loud to be heard distinctly three rooms away. Another valuable improvement in the apparatus is the transportable station, which dis-

penses with the necessity of the ear-trumpets being fixed in any particular part of the room. By an ingenious contrivance, it is now practicable to remove the ear-trumpets into any room of the house which is properly equipped with installations, and connect them with the system there.

One of the most important developments of the paper is its close association with the Stock Market, to which there is direct communication, so that subscribers are kept in constant touch—as easily and far more quickly than if the prices were transmitted by the ordinary tape-machine—with the fluctuations of the Stock Exchange and the foreign Exchanges; and speculators are kept as well posted up on the condition and aspects of the money market in Wall Street or London as if they were on the spot. The most salient advantage of this direct connection with the Stock Exchange is that it enables a subscriber to deal in stocks on his own initiative and not depend upon the so-called special information of the speculator. This ramification has grown into a very powerful branch, especially in connection with the cereal markets. News is obtained direct from the agricultural districts of the country, so that a subscriber is put into communication with the man on the spot, and can thus obtain a very comprehensive idea of the corn prospects or any other phase of agriculture on which he may desire information.

The subscribers are also brought into close contact with the politics of the day. The *Telephone Herald* has a special staff of reporters in the galleries of the Austrian and Hungarian Houses of Parliament, who forward their reports half-hourly, so that the subscriber is almost following the transactions. A burning question, an important decision, the result of a petition, or the declaration of a prominent Minister is known to the subscriber within three

minutes after it is spoken. Such rapidity is beyond the possibilities of the ordinary daily newspaper.

As with the Stock Exchange and Parliament, so it is with the recreation world. The subscribers are brought into immediate contact with the race-course, the cycling and automobile track, the football-field, the billiard-table, and other departments of sport. In fact, the sporting news service has been brought to a high standard of efficiency and exclusiveness. Such news hitherto has only been dealt with in the newspaper press in the most perfunctory manner, with no attempt at completeness or accuracy.

This unique newspaper not only fulfils all the requirements of the financier, stockbroker, speculator, politician, and athlete, and provides the general news; it supplies recreation as well. The directors of the concern, when it had once firmly established itself as part and parcel of the Hungarian's existence, conceived the idea of providing concerts for the delectation of subscribers. After prolonged experiments it at last became possible to bring distant listeners into direct connection with a talented orchestra or some universally favorite prima-donna. At the head-offices of the paper is provided a special concert-room, where have gathered nearly all the greatest vocal and instrumental musicians. A music-programme is prepared daily, and given every night after supper. By this means a subscriber reclining in his arm-chair, toasting his feet before his own fire, and sipping his claret can listen in absolute comfort and ease to Sousa's band, Patti's masterful rendering of "Home, Sweet Home," or a recitation. Thus the influences of music are brought directly into a private residence. Especially convenient is this arrangement to suburban and provincial subscribers who cannot or do not wish to enter the

city at night. Even the juvenile members of a family are catered for. Children's concerts are arranged during the afternoons, and the editors and contributors of the various children's papers, whom the little ones "have always been anxious to see and speak to," are brought face to face, or rather mouth to ear, with their little readers, with what delight to the latter can be easily divined.

The same connections are carried out between the subscribers and the theatres. When the idea was first started, special critics were despatched to the theatres, and their comments were related over the telephone; but now the subscribers have become their own critics. Hung between the electric lamps illuminating the theatres are small brass funnels (microphones), by means of which every vocal detail of drama or opera, recitation or song, is transmitted to the distant auditor—a system of patronizing the theatre far more economical than appearing in person, and far cheaper than an electrophone or theatrophone. For instance, in Paris, the latter instrument—which, by the way, has to be specially connected—costs twelve pounds per annum; but in Budapest a subscriber can obtain the same amusement by means of the *Telephone Herald* for ten years at the same cost.

M. Puska's invention also fulfils a direct educational force—the teaching of languages to those who feel disposed to acquaint themselves with other languages than their own. For half-an-hour on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays lectures are delivered by competent teachers in French and English; and for the same time on the alternate days (Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays) in Italian or some other tongue. Hundreds of people can thus learn simultaneously. As is well known, it is far easier to learn a foreign tongue by sound, since one can thus acquire

the peculiar vocalization indigenous to the respective languages.

When the *Telephone Herald* first entered into serious competition with the daily newspapers, and its rivalry was anticipated by them, the press strongly denounced this unique departure from the orthodox, apprehensive that if it did not ruin them, it would at any rate inflict a great deal of harm; but the reverse is just what has happened. Instead of injuring the daily newspaper, it has rather strengthened its position. People cannot afford to spend the whole of the day with their ear at a telephone-receiver or perusing a news-

Chambers's Journal.

paper from morning till night. What is the result? The telephone delivers in a terse, incisive manner any special item of news; and, if the subscriber's curiosity be aroused therein, he promptly seeks the next day's newspapers for a full report. The *Telephone Herald* also proves a reliable source of information to provincial papers, which are supplied with news instead of by telegram or incurring the expense of employing reporters in the capital. On the whole, the Hungarian regards the *Telephone Herald* as an indispensable institution.

Frederick A. Talbot.

ST. BRENDAN'S "DESERT OF THE SEA."

The whole sky turned pallid, merging into greenish hues on its lower arc towards the south-west, where the fore-runner of the storm was visible, a rising continent of slate-gray cloud, shaping itself as it rose into the mapped outline of Australia. We were camped on an island-rock of the Atlantic, which St. Brendan had loved to call his "Desert of the Sea." In those hours before the rain the mainland of Ireland stood up like a grotesque Titanic picture, dashed in by a strong impressionist hand, and worked over here and there in the minutest patchwork by some master of detail. All round our islet the leaden seas were lurching sullenly, and the wind, that had travelled over uninterrupted water from Newfoundland, hurried and hurled them in sheets of spray across the westernmost point, from which the narrow back of land shelved downwards to wide ramparts of shingle rounded and sea-worn. Remote and surf-beaten, Inisglora was not in the far-off days bereft of the kindling

touch of human life. Behind the shelter of the shingle are groups of ruins, beehive huts, some sunk into mounds of turf, some partly excavated, of an origin rather to be guessed than proven, the slowly falling stones hallowed by the memory of the Saint, and a few marks of cabins, the latest built of all, yet now scarcely knee-high, almost dissolved to earth again and colored with lichens of green and gold to a delicate uniformity with the marsh-grass and the tussocks. But in the course of the last ten centuries few strangers have set their feet on this shore; fishermen have landed in the fishing season, a handful of poor folk from the mainland once tried to make it their home; for the rest, it has long been a forgotten island, strewn with men's bones, yet marking itself in a blazoned capital before one chapter of the history of the world. For it was here under the wings of heavy rainclouds that St. Brendan, the St. Paul of the Irish Church, conceived his mission to preach Christ in the

West. Impelled by a hunger to save souls, he sailed forth in his frail craft of wicker and hide to cross an unknown ocean. Tradition says he told his story on many a tropic beach, and even reached America. For years he fared upon the seas, meeting many and miraculous adventures. He discovered an island, cradled in warm seas, which he called after his name, but which, like the Saint's own story, has faded into the sunset of the past and is no more known. But the Irish islet still holds his memory, though his oratory there is now a broken ruin, the weather crumbles it year by year, and the walls, grown over with a rust and moss, lie open to the sky. The Chapel of the Men hard by is littered thick with skulls, but to whom they belonged it is difficult to determine, whether to disciples who lived and died here, or to those who desired their bones to be carried for burial to the Holy Isle. Once a tourist, chancing to land, stole away two of the skulls. Perhaps they now ornament his dwelling, their moss overlaid with city grime. A dreadful thought, that these poor human relics, though having lain many years under the soft rain, within sound of that dark-green, purple-clouded sea, should by the hand of a desecrator be exiled for ever to a London lodging from their chosen home.

This was our first evening on the rock. We had crossed during the day, swinging softly over the long rollers in a white sailing-boat, but we landed in a curragh, long, black, and snake-like, near akin, without doubt, to that in which St. Brendan dared his perilous voyage into the West, for so the Latin version tells: "Then St. Brendan and his companions, using iron implements, prepared a light vessel with wicker sides and ribs, such as is usually made in that country, and covered it with cowhide, tanned in oak-

bark, tarring the joints thereof, and put on board provisions for forty days, with butter enough to dress hides for covering the boat." The curraghs of to-day are built for one, two, or three pairs of oars, oars of the lightest, with blades from one and a half to two inches in width. Slightly built, and rudderless as they are, these curraghs, with their high-tipped prows, are so magnificently handled by the island men that they can face almost any weather and outride almost any storm.

We stood and watched the white boat spread her brown lug-sail and float away into the darkening East, while our companions, the "King" of a neighboring island and his brother, carried the curragh on their heavy shoulders above high-water mark. Many islets have their titular King, not only off the beaches of Ireland, but elsewhere round the British coasts. In the old days when illicit whisky distilling yet flourished in these parts, save that the mainland supplied turf and offered a market to the adventurous smuggler of smoky poteen, the islands were practically cut off from communication with the world, and the chief man in each became a very real ruler. Something of this obtains even at the present time.

A single hut of sods, ruinous and minute, with an entrance like the hole of an animal, was to be our shelter. We cleared it out, mended the gap in the roof with the covers of a Wolseley mattress, and the King collected wreckage enough to build a fire to make tea. Tea was ready when the rain came, and ended when it was past. But the storm still sang wet-eyed over the island, revealing and heightening a scene of extraordinary beauty, sea and cloud, cloud and sea challenging each other with a thousand glorious effects of color. A huge V of bernicle geese pinioned from the mainland in the eye of the storm, but see-

ing the smoke of our fire, swung away to some other haunt. Never for two days did the view from the island appear the same. Some new hill always swam into the picture, or else the mist altered all outlines, shaping, blotting out, and recreating as it furled and unfurled its curtains. We fetched water from the Saint's well for our needs, and the King told us stories of its powers. A fish hung beside it will not decay. No woman may visit it unless holding the hand of a male child, and should one venture to draw water, it would turn to blood. The well is reached by a few broken steps, it is dark, roofed in from the sun, a place of sweet, deep waters brooded over by legends.

On all sides of the isle you "could see the weather coming," as the King said; the zenith often pale blue and clear, but at three points of the horizon the skirts of hail-squalls outflung; under the sky the eternal tumbling of the billows. The King, blue-eyed, bearded, six feet high, and built up of knotted strength, mused over the prospect with his sad handsome face. "I have endured," he said slowly, "great hardship and slavery from the sea." The truth of this was plain enough. He was said to be the best boatman in the West. If skill and courage count, it may well be true. While we were encamped upon the rock he, with a brother, rowed a curragh twelve miles, exposed to the full force of the Atlantic in a heavy gale. The King had spent days in his boat, almost without food, unable to land because of the weather, and on one occasion, after long fasting, he was in the end obliged to swim ashore through the surf. The thought in looking at him was:—"What a man for an expedition! What a Polar explorer lost!" In his youth he nearly enlisted in the Navy. Had he done so, some of six strong brothers would have fol-

lowed him. Withal his modesty was inviolable. He was a silent man, sad and thoughtful, who, if his lot had been cast in less straitened places, must have written his name upon something more lasting than sand. I think he realized perhaps those wider horizons his life could never know.

Coming out in the early dawn, you generally startled a redshank from the stones at the tide-edge, and an oystercatcher from among the rocks. That deep-sea haunt was rarely visited by curlews, but once and again during our days there one flew by, and his mournful, questing note—so different from the cry of startled affright that passes as the curlew's call—resounded in the sky above. Two great black-backed gulls, that breed near by, often flung their ominous shadows over the sopping grasses, and their cry, like a cruel old man's laugh, came down the wind. Puffins also and razorbills, a very few solan geese, infinite numbers of cormorants, and a solitary great northern diver dwelt in those waters. Some times a cruising seal fished past the outer reefs, still further to seaward an occasional finner whale, and close at hand, nearest of all, two little land-birds hopped and flirted on the broken wall of the chapel. Once as we looked the small-eared, alert head of an otter rose from the tide, and he came ashore on a jut of outlying rock. On another day high overhead a heron flapped past, reminding us of the legendary crane, said to have lived on Iniskea from the beginning of the world, and which, prophecy added, was destined to remain there until the Day of Judgment.

Waking in the solemn midnight, and leaving one's hut companions turning in their dreams, come out into the rain-soft dark. All round the hut, especially upon the Western promontory, the Atlantic beats with a trumpeting of surf, and unceasingly the wind

cries through the rifted masonry of the oratory. No light is visible, but stumbling out from among the fallen stones and human relics, stand above the sea and listen. It seems to be calling aloud the tale of Irish wrong and Irish sorrow to the night, and between the hoarse water-voices, and against the shrill insistence of the wind, the imaginative can almost hear the strenuous wrestling of the Saint in prayer, perhaps even echoes of the tuneful, strong-throated psalm.

No flowers soften the austerity of the
The Spectator.

Holy Isle: ruins, rough grass, a few lingering ruins, and beyond the morass a line of cairns, that is all. The "Desert of the Sea" is a place of memories, and also an isolation where Nature herself becomes apparent,—windy, wet-rocked, salted by green seas, purified by Western rain, rendered immortal by a man dead fifteen hundred years, holding in its keeping all the sorrow of the sad wet West, all the thoughts that dwell in turf-smoke, something of the splendor of history.

Hesketh Prichard.

THE TIDE OF CIVILIZATION.

Not with the steady advance of a clock, nor as the slow inconstant growth of a tree, but like the flowing tide civilization moves. "Now it is coming in," cries the child, when the seventh wave sends a creamy sheet over the dry stones; but that was not the coming, nor was the shriek of the shingle a wail of retreat. The tide flows imperceptibly, and these waves, now steps to and fro, now great strides and backslidings, are but its caprice. In a minute of time you cannot measure its rise, and a decade is scarcely long enough to disclose the onward course of civilization. To civilize meant at one time to wean a savage people from their rudeness. Dr. Johnson would not admit the word "civilization" into his dictionary, though Boswell "with great deference" thought it "better in the sense opposed to 'barbarity' than 'civility.'" Two days earlier, after a discussion on Lord Monboddo's opinions on the superiority of the savage life, the word "civilities" is used repeatedly by Boswell in the sense of "courtesies." If civility were indeed all, there

has been but little civilizing among us since Johnson's time. At one end of the social scale, the respectful salute of the laboring peasant is the exception and not the rule, probably for the logical reason that his respect for "the quality" has diminished. At the other end, what civilities have not vanished? Deportment as a fine art dropped out with the use of the snuff-box and of the subjunctive mood. But the word "civility" was defined by Johnson as freedom from barbarity; and he was justified in refusing "civilization" because it is not to be found in the works which he cited. Johnson's conservatism and Boswell's liberalism justified each in his own opinion. The need for the expression "civilization" was in the balance on March 23, 1772, and Boswell was probably right in judging that the time had come for adopting it. Differentiation between civility and civilization was needed when people realized that they could have material progress without an associated intellectual advance; something accomplished, something done, without any

corresponding development of mind, morals or manners. The battue, the rubber-cored golf-ball, the halfpenny newspaper and a University degree in Engineering serve as samples of civilization in this sense.

Civilization, as we now think of it, has gained more ground in the last century and a half than it had done since the Norman conquest. To-day the rate of advance seems more impetuous than ever, but that may be because no stone is turned but it is recorded, paragraphed, and illustrated, not on its merits, but as material for the recorder, the paragraphist, and the illustrator. Did all those carry out scientific research who are competent and eager for such work; did all inventors actually develop their ideas; authors produce their books and plays; and could all originally minded cooks find an opportunity of realizing their ideas; civilization would overwhelm us. The flood is checked in the special circumstances of each impeded case by a providential lack of leisure, of capital, or of appreciation. The advance is not regulated by the so-called law of supply and demand; the supply is as inexhaustible as the ocean, and humanity demands new gifts of civilization no more than the beach demands the tide. Neglecting for a moment the wash and retreat of the waves, the tide stands at a point determined by the mysterious rise of the level of the sea and the slope of the beach. The level rises imperceptibly, and a gallon or two of water finds a new channel among the rocks; the rocks did not invite it, but under the new conditions the obstacle no longer exists. While active-minded persons are always on the lookout for something new, be it interesting, useful, or amusing, nobody demanded Sunday concerts or free-wheel bicycles. Had the lack of them been definitely realized ten years ago they could have been provided. The

level has been changing imperceptibly, and individual enterprise, always on the lookout for fresh extensions, has found that the impediments in those particular directions cease to exist and the supply naturally follows.

The mere craving of the quidnunc for novelty is balanced by the conservative dislike for change. These two forces are, on the whole, in equilibrium; their oscillatory condition we call Fashion. These are the waves. The wave may run unimpeded, and at its bidding we use flat pencils instead of round. Or it may collide with an obstacle and its active force is tremendous, as when a colonial scandalizes a military secretary by going to a Government House garden-party in brown boots. The unfortunate officer himself is continually called upon to make trivial but expensive alterations in his uniforms, uniforms utterly unfitted for anything but show, which might become interesting if altered at more suitable intervals, say once in every two centuries. Again, the passive resistance is absolute, as when a Conduit Street tailor refuses to put the same convenient inside pockets to a frock coat that he voluntarily provides in a waterproof. The advance of civilization without the phenomena of fashion is as rare as the steady rise of the tide without the dancing step of waves. In a dead calm, when the spring tide lies like a mirror among the drowned osier stumps on Chiswick Eyot, there is a slow pulse, perhaps the echo of a long swell at the Nore; if it overflows and oozes up the Mall it trickles fitfully. The free wave makes the fuss and does the damage, but it is not an essential feature. Waking from its long, leeward journey across the ocean, the gathering breaker swells as it nears the beach, with an air of importance and self-consciousness, like an officer approaching the saluting-point in a "march-past," or a debu-

tante at a "drawing-room." Then when its moment comes, it makes a swoop, and an instant later becomes a nonentity. Each is a part of the whole effect, but of the effect only, and not of the final result. Many of the important movements of civilization have been so imperceptible, so free from self-consciousness and splash that the names of the workers rarely appeared, and now are long forgotten. A ledge of rock withstands the tide as it creeps up its flank inch by inch; at last the sea pours over and makes a pool, leaving the ledge visible for a time, as a measure of its progress. So decorative art made its way through the eighteenth century in England, until it was checked at the beginning of the Victorian era. There was no demand for anything better, there was not even an intelligent appreciation of the little good work shown at the Exhibition of 1851. William Morris could not pour over that obstacle without a splash, and that pool was not filled with one wave. The level has risen, the inevitable followed, equilibrium was soon established, and "Patience" remains as a snap-shot of the rippling flow.

Give a dog a bad name and hang him. But a bad dog will deserve the name, and an evil dog the doom. What more uncouth word have we than utilitarianism? And how worthy of its connotation! Utilitarianism, originally a system of philosophy developed by Bentham, was based on the principle that the greatest happiness to the greatest number should be the aim of all social and political institutions and the criterion of morality. Like the word civilization it is often applied to-day in a different sense, and those who have never heard of Bentham use it as an "ism" or general doctrine that utility is antagonistic to beauty. Perhaps this use is no mere popular error, but implies that sheer utility alone affords true happi-

ness, and that to many there is no utility in beauty. To these there is no merit in a thing other than its adequacy, and beauty can only be added by employing a decorator to affix ornament. Is the rising tide adding to, or is it obliterating the beauty of life? What of the removal of the signs from Lombard Street? What of the bridges of the Tower, Kew, and Sonning, and, is it too soon to add, of Richmond? It is not a far cry from Sonning bridges to Latin and Greek at schools. Few of those who write so strongly really object to classical literature, and when they speak of a waste of time, they mean the extravagant proportion which is spent. Expedience is pitted against refinement, usefulness against charm, experiments with galvanometers and test-tubes against scholarship. Certain science teachers argue that this is culture, at least a form of culture; you can cultivate a rose or a carrot. They may be unable to appreciate roses, but know that though carrots will only fetch half a crown a hundred-weight, they are a popular and useful commodity. No doubt if the rose-trees could be confined to the borders of the kitchen garden, and four-fifths of the ground be devoted to carrots, most of their objections would cease. But the rose-grower, content to buy an occasional carrot for his own consumption, is really the more unreasonable of the two. A Girton girl gives the Little Go examiners all they ask for after eight or ten months' work at Latin and Greek, in addition to her other studies; the schoolmaster begins to pound away at a lad of eight with *hic, hæc, hoc*, and leaves him at eighteen with a glimmering idea of the use of *μή* with the optative aorist. He tells you that the Girton girl is merely crammed, but he will not admit that the amount of knowledge contained in an ordinary classical course, stopping at the level of the Cambridge Little Go, is so small

that it must be spread thinly if it is to cover three-quarters or perhaps four-fifths of the school work of ten years. He knows and may confess that the class system is one cause of the waste of time, but he can prove to you that he cannot imagine how it could be avoided.

Alas! civilization brings with it its own barbarities, but it may be that the harm done by the impetuous wave is soon obliterated by the flood. In the early eighties, bicyclists earned for themselves the name of "cads on castors"; there was a sufficient number of them who deserved it. The name is almost forgotten; susceptibilities are still wounded, but the level of the tide has risen. What was a useless fad has become a valuable feature in our life, and if we want a peaceful walk we must trudge the heather instead of swinging along the highway. To-day we look for a similar name for the selfish, ill-mannered drivers of evil-smelling motor-cars, to-day the toys of rich men; soon, in the natural course of things, to quiet down and become useful. When our sense of comfort and order has once more been blunted we shall cease to recognize them as a nuisance.

Civilization and civility are flowing along different channels. Civility is associated with politeness. Politeness once meant polish. You may read in old, scientific books that the lens of a telescope must be polite. Before the separation there may have been less bulk of beautiful things than there is to-day, the shop windows of Regent Street and of the Rue de la Paix did not exist; but what there was, was more spontaneous. The second-rate architect will, at your request, supply you with a middle-later-early-English church, or a Queen Anne or an Elizabethan house; but ask him for a specimen of the modern English school and he will think that you are chaffing.

and ask if you mean the modern Build-eresque or the Neo-Edwardian style. The artist who believes that supply follows on demand will starve before that economic law brings him commissions for the best work. The steady demand, like that for boots, is for a mediocre and cheap quality. Boots are necessities, any one can do without pictures. Chromo-lithographs sufficed for a large proportion of the population of England in the mid-Victorian days, and smudgy, colored processes, pretending to be as accurate as photographs, are taking their place. The artist must wait his opportunity, and may beguile a patron into buying a good work. A search through the picture shows for some addition to the beautiful works of our day suggests that many of our artists are self-consciously struggling to imitate some one else's style. Our collections of Old Masters are not the survival of commonplace work and rubbish. Interesting copyings of styles were to be seen in last winter's exhibition, but they are experiments, not despairing clutches at something to serve in place of originality. Genius thrust Rembrandt on the world, willy nilly; but we probably owe more to the jetsam of fashion in art than in other directions of civilization. Fashion gave the opportunity to Watteau; his work was good then, and will be good while his pictures last. The Chelsea shepherdess tossed up by a billow of caprice charms us to-day merely by association. Would that fashion might linger where no change is needed.

And the ebb, when will it come? Everyone but the shrimp hatched this morning knows that the tide must change. The tide rose and fell on Babylon and Egypt. For a brief spell of eighty years it stood at high-water mark on Greece, and now a civilization of a different kind is returning there. The secretary of the Golf Club at Mar-

athon doubtless uses a stylographic pen if he has no typewriter. Those who glory in a greater activity of life and the multiplication of inventions need not fear, their high-water mark is still afar. We waste our time and bore our friends by photographing them, and allow them to waste our time and bore us with the telephone. But when the world becomes full of that sort of thing; when Greek and Latin in the universities of the future take the position of Syriac and Sanscrit to-day;

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when the classic influence has ceased to affect literature, art and the drama; when music is ground out by machinery; when perfected color-photographs are considered to be works of art; what forces in that roar of life will make for refinement, what influence for harmony? When material ugliness is accepted as inevitable, and all that is not material is counted phantasy, will not the tide have turned, will not the old rocks of barbarity reappear?

Alexander Pelham Trotter.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Novel readers are promised new stories by Anthony Hope, Stanley Weyman, Richard Whiteing and Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler during the coming season.

An effort is being made at Cambridge to add to the higher education of women systematic religious instruction as a regular subject. With a view to meet this need, a short vacation term for the purpose of Biblical study has been organized at Cambridge from July 25th to August 15th of the present year, but so arranged that students who cannot stay the whole time may join for the first or last fortnight. The committee, of which Miss Creighton is secretary, have arranged for rooms to be provided at Girton and Newnham. Lecturers have been invited as experts in their subjects, apart from the consideration of their special religious position; and several well-known men have announced courses, including Dr. Swete on New Testament Christology, Dr. Barnes on Isaiah, Dr. Beet on the Epistle to the Romans, Dr. Rashdall

on the Philosophy of Religion, and Mr. F. C. Burkitt on the Synoptic Gospels.

John Lane will publish in September two large volumes of Carlyle's letters which have not yet been read by the public. From some source there has recently reached print a characteristic letter which Carlyle wrote upon marrying women of genius. The letter antedates his own marriage and runs thus:

"These women of genius, sir, are the very d—l when you take them on a wrong tack. I know very well that I myself—if ever I marry, which seems possible at best—am to have one of them for my helpmate; and I expect nothing but that our life will be the most turbulent, incongruous thing on earth—a mixture of honey and wormwood, the sweetest and the bitterest—or, as it were, at one time the clearest sunshiny weather in nature, then whirlwinds and sleet and frost; the thunder and lightning and furious storms—all mingled together into the same season—and the sunshine always in the smallest quantity! Judge how you would have relished this, and sing with a cheerful heart, 'E'en let the bouny lass gang!'"

TWILIGHT.

A sudden pang contracts the heart of
Day,
As fades the glory of the sunken
sun.
The bats replace the swallows one by
one;
The cries of playing children die away.

Like one in pain, a bell begins to sway;
A few white oxen, from their labor
done,
Pass ghostly through the dusk; the
crone that spun
Beside her door, turns in, and all grows
gray.

And still I lie, as I all day have lain,
Here in this garden, thinking of the
time
Before the years of helplessness and
pain;

Or playing with the fringes of a
rhyme,
Until the yellow moon, amid her train
Of throbbing stars, appears o'er yonder
lime.

Eugene Lee-Hamilton.

THE ANGELUS: CHARTRES.

The day draws to an end; the evening
light
Turns all the carven images to gold;
While round the spires, in interweav-
ing flight,
The swallows wing as though they
wrought, ere night,
To weave a sheer invisible fabric
bright
Of sun and blue, to shroud the dying
day
Ere she be laid in shadows dark and
cold,
Ere all her beauty, withering, pass
away.
From the high tower the angelus of
rest
Rings out at last day-labor's passing
bell;
While in the fields of harvest east and
west
And north and south the reapers, head
on breast,

Breathe their last prayer, and turn
from tollsome quest,
Wherein since dawn they have labored
in the sun;
Full glad to see the clear sky prom-
ise well
For ending of their reaping well
begun.

O Love! may we, when life draws
near to eve,
And bright the sunset glows upon
the brow,
Of all the world of toiling take our
leave,
Forgetting all the woes that fret and
grieve;
Remembering only flashing joys that
weave
For love a sheer imperishable beauty
bright,
And hear with happy hearts, as we
hear now,
The angelus at falling of the light.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

Chambers's Journal.

THE WAY OF LIFE.

They gave their best, those bards of
old who sang
How great Prometheus eager to as-
sauge
Man's cheerless state, incurred the
Olympian rage,
And bore enchained the diurnal pang.
They gave their best,—and down the
ages rang
Wild tales where wrath and mercy
warfare wage.
Ill fare the sheep on so scant pastur-
age,
Dark are the clouds that o'er those
altars hang.
Then rose a star, the Shepherd Kings
to guide,—
And lo, it led to One, who living, spake
As never man has spoken,—and who
died
Eternal sacrifice for sin to make.
Guide us, blest Star, world weary ones
to take
The way that leads unto the Crucified.
C. D. W.